May 2002

The Slate

No 14

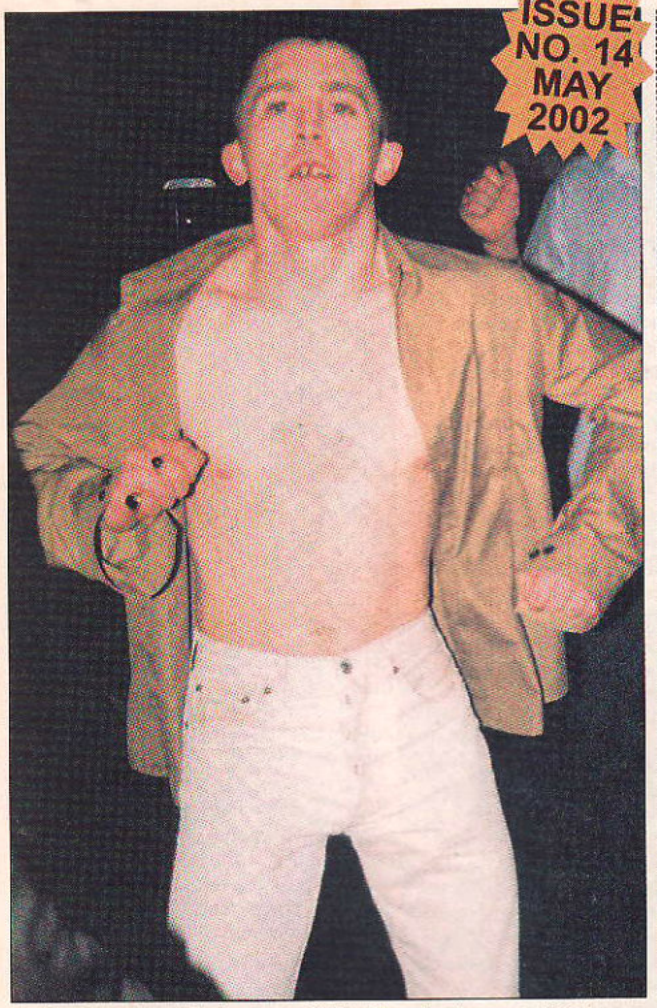
So cheap it's free

Attention Customers

The management would like to assure patrons that we are doing everything possible to combat the rat problem in the kitchen.

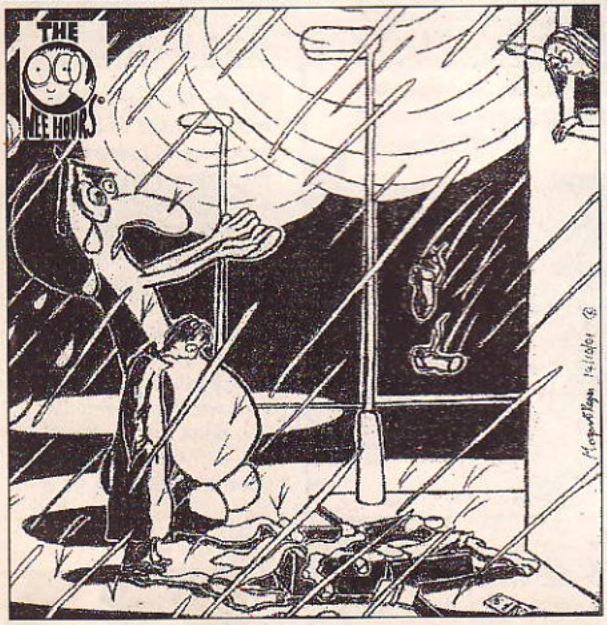
Do your bit to fuck things up!
Stick this notice in a multi national fast food joint to get it closed down

+ More Mayday Mayhem inside!



At the Mountjoy debutantes ball, Mad Tony's dance card was quickly filled.

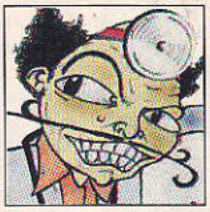
BY MORGAN O'REGAN



He could understand her kicking him out, but 'Imaginary Bob' deserved better

Mayday Mayhem

JOHNNY FOREIGNER HAS BEEN RIOTING HIS HOLE OFF FOR THE LAST FEW YEARS. MAY 6TH COULD GIVE IRELAND THE CHANCE TO DO LIKEWISE 16



THE CLONE ZONE CHECK OUT THIS VISION OF A BETTER IRELAND... 10

... in which genetically engineered assholes do all the hard work

WHY DOES IRELAND GET FUCK ALL BANK HOLIDAYS? JOIN OUR CAMPAIGN FOR MORE TIME OFF 08

THE BLACKHOLE

Disgusting jokes have been circulating about the **Queen Mum**. You can read them and other **news** on page **04**

Send a **postcard to Ali Hewson** demanding that she does something about her horrendous husband **06**

Spaz Guide This month we detail the misery of the Trinity Ball **12**

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Upcoming Publication dates
May Issue: Thurs 2 May
June Issue: Thurs 30 May
July - Aug Issue: Thurs 27 June
Sept Issue: Thurs 29 Aug

The Queen Mum has passed on, and people are circulating filthy jokes about it

HOW DARE THEY INSULT OUR DEAD EMPRESS LIKE THIS?

Someone thought it would be funny to pretend that the following comments appeared in the Queen Mum's Book of Condolences

Mother of God

"No matter how she felt, no matter the situation, she always wore a smile. Just like a retard"
G. Hollins, East Sussex

"Whichever way you look at it, it just is not as exciting as Diana."
G.Williams, West Midlands

"I think that the Queen Mum and Princess Diana are our very own Twin Trade Towers. At last we can look the people of New York in the face."
L.Ward, Mansfield

"She was one of the old school, all the remaining royals are shit."
J.Clement. Grantham

"I thought she would never die, she has let us all down very badly."
D.Holmes, Somerset

"On behalf of all blacks, I send the sincerest condolences."
T.Watson, Ilford

And then there were these 'jokes'.

What kind of music will be played at Queen Mum's funeral?
Hip-Op

Why is the Queen Mother still wearing her blue hat with veil?
To stop the flies from settling on her face

The Joy of Rioting

RECLAIM THE STREETS THIS MAYDAY BY SMASHING THEM UP

The way forward

MOST EUROPEAN cities have plenty of nice pedestrianised streets and squares where people can congregate to talk shit, trade homemade jewellery and block their ears to the sound of whingeing buskers. Dublin, however, is a badly-designed, traffic-ridden place where you can't step onto a road without being obnoxiously honked at by some truck driver or a flash bitch in her new Toyota.

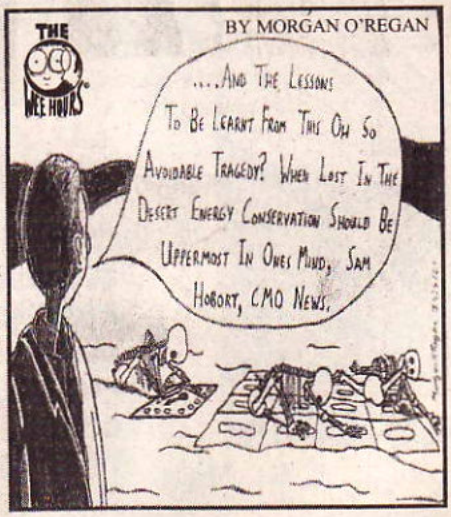
This is the kind of situation that can only be sorted out by having a good riot, and with any luck, that's exactly what will happen on Bank Holiday Monday. A group of people called Reclaim the Streets are planning to take over part of the city centre for the purposes of having a party involving "free music, food, repetitive beats" and street football.

With any luck the Garda response to this alien behaviour will be violent enough to provoke a riot. When English football hooligans started acting up in Lansdowne Road, the Garda method for dealing with it seemed to involve charging wildly in with batons swinging around in a highly inaccurate fashion. Throw in a few rabid Alsations who have been instructed to bite anyone under the age of 30 and (in spite of Irish people being notoriously shit at rioting) there is definitely chaos on the cards this May Day.

A rather pompous Reclaim the Streets statement announces that they are going to "open a new era of urban design," but this shouldn't deter anyone from taking a rare opportunity to go looting and smashing shit up in Dublin's city centre.

If you want to have a riot, turn up outside the GPO on 6 May at 2.30pm.

See page 16 for our essential guide to rioting in Dublin.



GIVE US A HAND

We are looking for twisted motherfuckaz to contribute articles and ideas to this magazine. Email editor@theslate.ie with 'mailing list' as the subject. You will then receive a list of content ideas from us every week or two. If you like the look of any of the articles you can either offer to write them or suggest how we could write them. If you think our ideas are shit you can send in some of your own even worse ones.

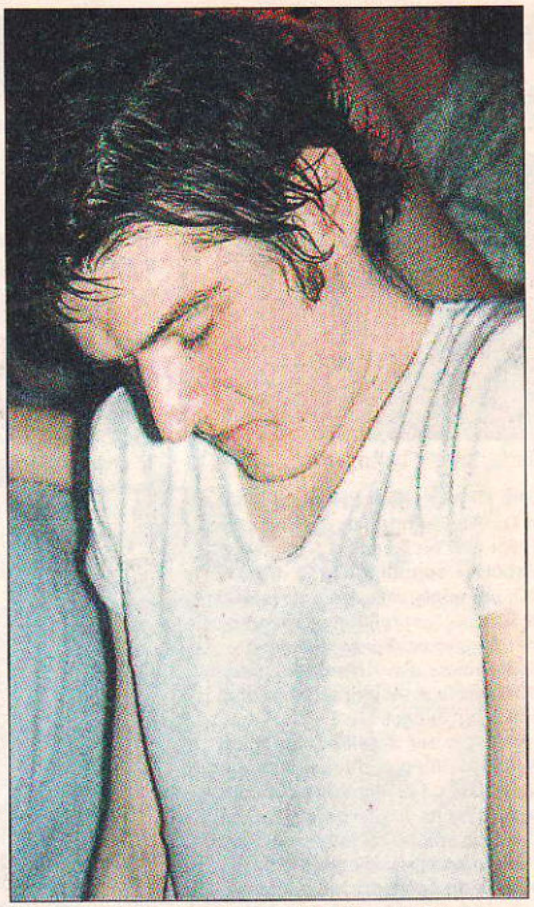
Sat May 4

The U2 owned Kitchen nightclub in Temple Bar is to close. Opened on Valentine's day in 1994, the past two years had seen it go to shit. See page 13 for more info.

Sat May 4

J-Day A bunch of crusties and stoners will be gathering in Bushy Park at 2pm to defiantly smoke joints all day. Phone 1800 666 111 for more info.

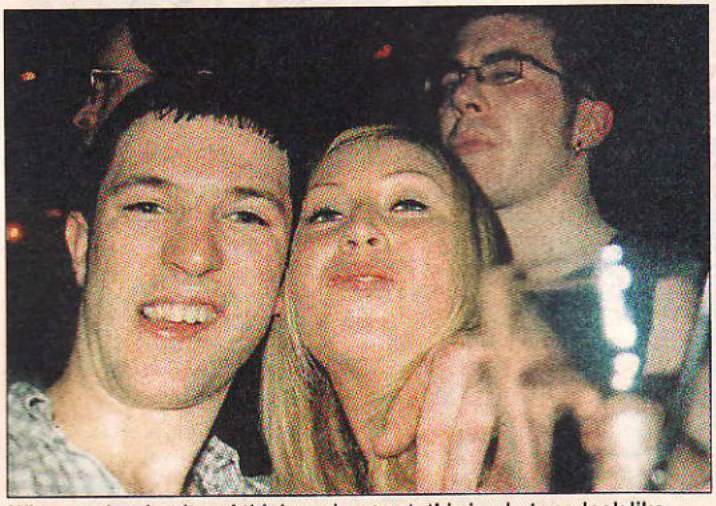
Debbie was there to help when Sheila's fleas lost her another man.



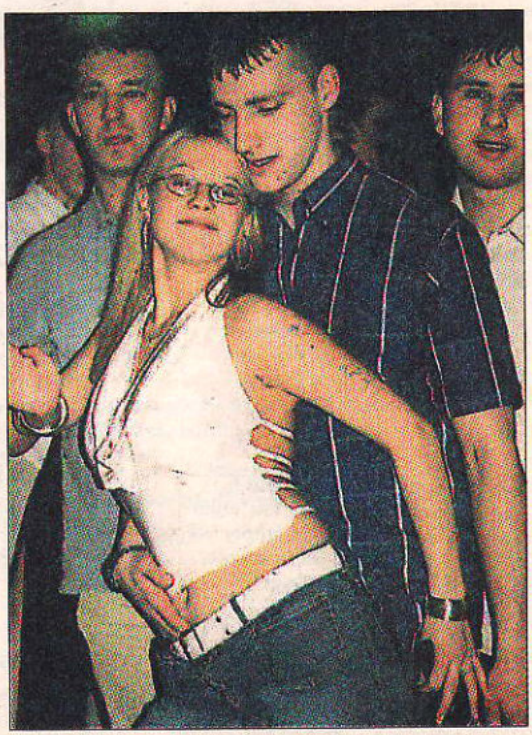
When Des looked up from putting the condom on, his hot date had inexplicably vanished.

The new superhero Morrissey Man spots someone who lacks sensitivity.

It was all a bit of light-hearted banter until someone threw a forearm at Enrico.



When you're drunk and think you're great, this is what you look like.



Some girls like musclemen, some pretty boys, but Louise just can't get enough of sweaty little fringes.

Hot Press HQ Kip Replaced

Gone, thanks be to fuck

ONE OF the worst designed venues in Dublin history has been knocked down and replaced by a foolishly elaborate sounding nightclub. The HQ, complete with an Irish rock Hall of Shame, lost millions for some of the biggest assholes in Ireland - Niall Stokes, the Riverdance people, MCD - before they copped on that it was a terrible idea.

Now it is set to re-open as Spirit - a flash-sounding nightclub with an emphasis on pretentious concept names for its five separate rooms. The club will be divided into 'Body' (the dancefloor), 'Soul' (the bar), 'Manna' (a cafe), 'Virtue' (an assholes' hangout for VIPs) and Mind (a basement place where you can get an Indian head massage). Somebody has clearly had an irony bypass here. Unlike other clubs, these cunts will be charging €20 in no matter what DJ is playing there, on the basis that it's all about the "club experience - not the DJ." It's all about the fucking bank balance and the holidays in the Bahamas more like. One good thing is that - because this venue has a theatre license - Spirit will be able to play music until 4am, with food served all night.

Spotted! Around town

Two journalists from the anti-E Star newspaper, gurning like chimpanzees in an otherwise empty VIP section of the Tivoli theatre while being plied with free booze.

Yet Another Shit On The Airwaves

DID WE REALLY NEED SOME MARKETING SPA'S IDEA FOR A 'YOUTH' RADIO STATION?

Emma Ledden practices looking stupid for her new radio show

THERE WAS widespread disgust recently as Spin FM finally launched after what seemed like ten years of fucking about. The station is aimed at Dublin's youth, and judging by the broadcasting The Slate heard before it went to press, it appears they're going for the 3-5 year-old market. The opening salvo on April 19 began with a blast of idiocy from mid-morning anchorman Marty Miller which would have put Dublin village idiot Aidan Walsh to shame. The general rationale behind the station seems to be to exceed the levels of stupidity that are currently found on the likes of 98FM and 104FM.

According to CEO Naomi Maguire in their bullshit-filled press release, "Spin103.8 is ready to give young Dubliners what they asked for, a raucous mix of post millennium music by the next new and emerging talent in the captital". As if such crap wasn't enough to off-put even the dimmest teenager, she continues in the same paragraph to reveal what seems to be Spin's real motivation - to earn shed-loads of money.

As well as providing young people with an atrocious mix of shit music and annoying presenters, she claims Spin is there to cater for "the Dublin advertiser who wants to speak directly to this valuable audience". Great - this means that, on top of all the poisoness patronising shite, we'll get ads shoved down our throats every two minutes while she and her mates roll around in money and get fat.

SPIN 103.8 YOU ASKED FOR IT

Naff: Spin

Many idiots have been drafted in, including the bimbonic Emma Ledden from MTV and FM104's Steve K , who apparently will be "getting people in the groove and party mood for the night ahead" - yeah right.

In between all the naff broadcasters, there are one or two redeeming features, however. On the weekend there'll be some proper dance music played courtesy of the gang who used to run Blue in The Kitchen, The Redsettaz, and Johnny Moy - if he takes time out from dancing about the decks like he has been at various venues around the city of late. Still, a huge disappointment - get back to listening to the pirates everyone.

GARAGE CREW TOO CRAZY FOR TCD

THE TRINITY Ball - normally a stomping ground for tribute bands and third rate Scottish rock acts - came dangerously close to landing itself some big name stars last month. The Ball bookers had lined up the shit-but-famous So Solid Crew for a headline spot at their annual West Brit fest and everyone was delighted with themselves. That was until a couple of doddery old lecturers on the Ball Committee heard that So Solids had a reputation for shooting each other and battering women around and immediately put the kybosh on their appearance (see p.12 for more)

Get back to the Ghetto with ye

Fri May 10
Bono is 42 today, and can probably be found in Lillie's Bordello with a whole load of assholes

Wed May 15
25th Cannes Film festival opens. This year's festival features Woody Allen, the sulky bollox to the right, for the first time ever

Wed May 15
The Trinity garden party is held today, with all those who attend wearing 19th century style costumes and getting locked on peach schnapps while eating strawberries and cream.

WRONGLY-SPELLED FESTIVAL LINEUP

MONOPOLISTIC GIG promoters MCD have released the line-up for this year's Witnness Festival. Behind the usual exaggeration and lies that go with this territory, there are in fact a number of interesting acts due to play (MCD paid us to say that).

Old-age ravers The Prodigy will be oiling up their wheelchairs for a headline performance on the Saturday and

WITNNESS PEOPLE LOOKING PARTICULARLY SMUG AS THEY ANNOUNCE THEIR GUESTS

Oasis (another band who were popular in the 1990s) will be lashing out the lager cliches during the main Sunday slot.

On the dance music/electronica front, the Chemical Brothers, Basement Jaxx, Groove Armada and Air have been confirmed so far. Other performers of interest include the Beta Band, Tricky, Badly Drawn Boy and Sonic Youth. Melaton should also get special mention as the chief representatives of pain-in-the-arse old-fashioned Irish rock music. Tickets are €109.50 for the weekend (€130 with camping).

Ronald McDonald

Say Yes to E

A RESPECTED SCIENCE MAG HAS MORE OR LESS GIVEN THE GO-AHEAD FOR PEOPLE TO TAKE AS MUCH ECSTASY AS THEY WANT

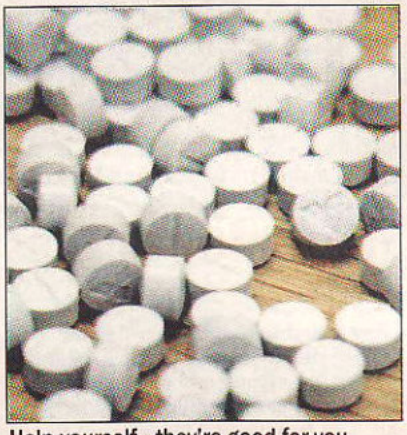
THE DRUGS-LOVING New Scientist wrote an editorial five years ago telling old people to relax the cacks on the old ecstasy hysteria. "Unjust and ineffective legislation is a classic symptom of national panic," they said.

Now this mad magazine has written another frank article about the effects of ecstasy on young users. Unsurprisingly, the piece points out that E makes you forget things (like your name), makes it harder to concentrate and, for as long as four days after taking it, can leave you feeling as full of *joie de vivre* as Yasser Arafat trapped in his bunker.

But previous predictions that E's destruction of young people's serotonin would create a generation of 40-year-old depressed Goths may be wide of the mark. Although Ecstasy does lead to short-term depression, this effect may not necessarily be long-lasting. Studies have found that E-users' moods return to normal if they skip the pills for a week or so. "The serotonin depletion persists," says George Ricaurte of Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore. "Whereas the mood problem improves."

On the downside, it would seem that quite a few people had their ecstasy experience completely destroyed during the research period. The scientist set up a "makeshift psychology lab" in the middle of a London club and proceeded to harass bewildered clubbers with a series of confusing experiments. "One test involved counting backwards in sevens from a three-figure number," according to the unrepentant researchers.

If this wasn't enough to turn a pillhead's brain to complete mush, another word-based test was carried out. In this one, "15 words appeared in the middle of a computer screen, one after the other. Afterwards, subjects were told to write down as many as they could remember." Needless to say, the majority of monged-out specimens were unable to remember what day it was, let alone a list of random words that had just been flashed in front of their faces.



Help yourself - they're good for you

JOKES

Two Palestinian women are walking down the street - one turns to the other and says "Does my bomb look big in this?"

Q: What does Princess Diana turn into after midnight?
A: A Wall.

Got any jokes? Then Email them to editor@theslate.ie

Even she thinks it's hilarious

Postcard campaign

CUT THIS OUT AND SENT IT TO ALI HEWSON

Ali,

Look me in the eye and tell me I'm safe. Safe from that meddling asshole Bono, who you are married to. His crazy crusade to make friends with all the richest people in the world is driving me around the bend.

Don't be blind to the danger - the risks are too great. Please get Bono to shut his gob

Signed:

Fri May 24

Run for cover - the nauseating television show that bored everyone to death last year, Big Brother, rears it's ugly head for a disastrous third series

Sat May 24

The Eurovision Song Contest - from which Ireland is currently banned - is held tonight. Gary O'Shaughnessy, right, got us kicked out by singing like a dying cat last year. The shame!

HAVE WE THE SCABBIEST GOVERNMENT IN EUROPE?

OUR RECORD IN THE EUROVISION MAY MAKE US THE ENVY OF THE CONTINENT, BUT A TERRIBLE SCANDAL IS IN DANGER OF DAMAGING THIS FINE REPUTATION

A SHOCKING state of affairs has been discovered by The Slate which seems to have been totally ignored by the rest of this country's shit media.

Irish people are being swindled out of bank holidays by the Government and their greedy mates in the business community. With just 9 public holidays off a year, we Micks are languishing down at third last in the EU bank holiday league table. Only the Dutch and the work-crazy, terminally depressed Brits are lower in the league than us. And - thanks to a special Queen's Jubilee bank holiday this year - even the Sassenach will get as many days off as us overworked Paddies.

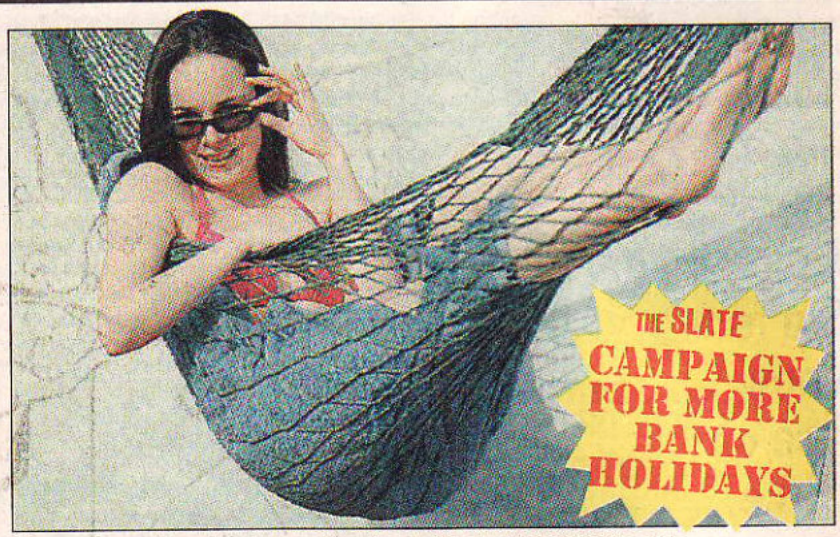
Slavedrivers

Also - unlike most of mainland Europe - slavedriving Irish bosses can force their employees to work on bank holidays, and they don't even have to pay them overtime for it.

The Italians, who live longer than anyone else in Europe, top the table with an impressive 16 bank holidays a year. Iceland, Spain and Portugal are right up there with them - taking time off to party while we stay in work being ordered around by some braindead manager.

So why is it that Johnny Continental is given so many more days off to eat horses and not wash? Our government claims that we have used up everything there is to celebrate about Ireland on the current crop of Bank Holidays. True enough, this is a shit country with little or nothing going for it, but that doesn't mean we don't like staying at home all day with the curtains closed and the horseracing on the telly.

We here in The Slate are determined to squeeze more bank holidays out of the government. Here is a list of great occasions in Irish history which could serve as good reasons for extra days off.



We need more time to relax and hang out with stupid-looking models

The Slate's suggested bank holidays

EURO '88

Ray Houghton puts the ball in the English net, the whole country gets drunk for a month, and 600 years of oppression are miraculously wiped out. This day could be celebrated by grown men dressing up in Ireland and England replica football jerseys and recreating the glorious goal in their back gardens while women come out at regular intervals with food and beer.

PRESS THE FLESH DAY

The government is unable to function for most of the year because Bertie has had to dash of to another important pharmacy opening in Harold's Cross or Dingle. This day would allow our great Taoiseach to perform all his Man of the People duties in one fell swoop. Bertie could be driven at top speed to strategic points around the country where everyone would be lined up to shake his hand and ask how his five-a-side team are getting on.

CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY DAY

Mick Smurfit, Denis O'Brien, and Sir Tony O'Reilly. They are the wealth-creating heroes of modern day Ireland and it's about time we kicked begrudgery into touch and paid them their dues. This day would involve a slight variation on the other bank holidays. Instead of taking a day off, we would honour these heroes by putting in a hard day's work for free. Other rituals could involve bribing your local politician and behaving like a vulgar asshole for 24 hours.

ST. JOHN OF WATERS DAY

To take place the day after our Valentine's celebration - when men must treat women like the goddesses they are. The day after, though, things would be a little different. On this holiest of occasions, women would have to wash up, stop moaning about non-existent inequalities, and hand over custody of the kids according to the word of St. John of Waters. A truly magical 24 hours.

Fri May 18

The auditions for The Villa Dating Show on Sky one are happening in the Temple Bar Hotel on Fleet St. Make sure and turn up with rotten eggs to pelt anybody who enters.

Fri May 31

The World Cup starts today, with France playing Senegal in Seoul. Come on Ireland!

Hooray! The last Late Late of the season is some time in May too.

What next?

Have you any suggestions for our June timeline? Mail them in to editor@theslate.ie with 'timeline' as the subject.

STOP MOANING & START CLONING

We have a glorious opportunity to turn Ireland into a toil-free paradise where us natives are served on hand and foot by a new race of worker clones

AN ITALIAN doctor is claiming that one of his female patients is three months up the duff with a cloned baby. Since this information got out, there has been a lot of complaining about the fact that the world's first genetically manufactured human being may soon walk the earth.

Christians and other concerned types have described Severino Antinori's work as "deplorable" and a "savage experiment." The Slate says it is time for Ireland to get in on the act.

We are being presented with an opportunity to turn this country into a work-free paradise - where people only do whatever interests them, and an army of diligent but mindless drones takes care of the more unpleasant chores.

Everywhere you look, people are being ground down by dreadful jobs that require absolutely no skill or intelligence. From comatose call centre workers to near-dead investment bankers, all the evidence proves that working turns you into a moron.

Clearly then, it should be the Government's top priority to make sure that the Irish population works as little as is humanly possible. And cloning provides the perfect opportunity for them to do that.

Think of it! A squad of idiots whose only function is to do our every bidding. Freaky Frankensteins constantly available to make us cups of tea and terrorize the Travelers when the Gardai are too scared.

Let's rush in now before the debate gets too complicated (like the whole abortion thing did - and that should have been as simple as making a milkshake in a liquidizer). If we let that happen, it'll be years before anyone gets a sniff of their personal manservant or happy-to-be-molested altar boy.

To help you imagine this rosy future, there are a few ideas on the next two page which clearly demonstrate how cloning could improve our lives.

MICK MCCARTHY: SPY

WHAT IRELAND badly needs right now is an effective spy network over in Britain. That way we can be appropriately forewarned if the enemy is planning any military attacks or economic shenanigans against us. Being part of this network would obviously be a very dangerous occupation, which the majority of Irish soldiers would be too scared to do, so an army of fearless clones are required. Mick McCarthy, with his devotion to the Irish cause and bluff Barnsley accent, would be the perfect template for this crack squad. As with all our footballers, the Brits would assume Mick was one of their own, making him and his clones the most talented spies since the days when Dev marched around England dressed up as a London prostitute.

Mick slips into Britain - unnoticed

Take me to your children

Fr Sean Fortune: Babysitter

Why not leave your kids in the capable hands of Ireland's most popular paedophile? Father Fortune's DNA has been carefully stored in the tabernacle at his local church where it is being guarded by loyal altar boys. Soon enough, thousands of Father Fortune embryos will be implanted in nuns' wombs and, once born, they will be trained to make hot chocolate, tell nursery rhymes and kiss your kids goodnight just like you would.

PAUL WILLIAMS: ZOO FOOD

This Sunday World crime reporter is a great man for licking up to the cops and neglecting to mention any of the corruption, fabrication of evidence, and kicking the shit out of prisoners that goes on in the force. In return, the Gardai ply him with exclusive information about evil criminals who will destroy Irish society if they are not gunned down by the Emergency Response Unit. As a reward for this great service to the Irish State, Williams and his clones could be let loose at the zoo with lions and other wild animals. These poor creatures – who normally sit around looking like they are depressed and on drugs – would get great pleasure from chasing the Williams replicas around and then mauling them to death. It would also provide far more realistic entertainment for visitors to the zoo.

He won't be laughing when there's a cheetah up his hole

Tony Quinn: Hotdog seller

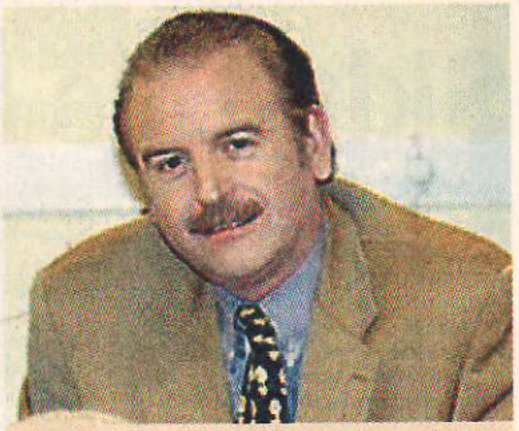
This mad fucker makes a living by persuading gullible gobshites to pay thousands of pounds to join him on some Caribbean island where they spend a week rolling around in the sand chanting Tony's name. In return for this appalling behaviour, Tony and all his cloned offspring condemned for eternity to sell late night hot dogs on the streets of Dublin. This should guarantee these cunts a lifetime of being spat on, verbally abused, and physically attacked by aggressive nobs on their way home from Leeson St.

Jackie Healy-Rae: Funderland roller-coaster operator

Well-known for his inflammatory language, Jackie would be just the chap for whipping people into a mindless frenzy as the ride built up speed and then completely changing his tune as they all flew off an unfinished track and plummeted to their deaths.

Jordan's Breasts: Airbags

This obscene-looking glamour model is pregnant at the moment and she will probably have to remove a fair bit of her excess breast in order to feed the child when it is born. There is no reason why this surplus cannot be cloned to make airbags for those annoying little boy racer-type cars. These vehicles are usually driven by people who are regularly involved in crash situations, and they would be delighted at the prospect of being enveloped in Jordan's breast-flesh every time they smash into a wall or knock over a horse.



Marty's Whelan and Dealin Days will soon be over

MARTY WHELAN: CHIMNEY SWEEP

CHARLES DICKENS used to write about little chimney boys who's job involved getting shoved up dark smokestacks from an early age, but this practice is deemed unacceptable in the modern era. Unfortunately, the problem remains that a big fat chimney sweep is simply not going to fit up the vent in your fireplace at his age. Marty's bushy moustache provides an obvious solution to this problem. His clones could be genetically engineered to make them very tall and light, and then they could be sent up the chimneys to rub all the soot away with their facial hair. Could also be useful for window cleaners who can't reach the top parts of very high windows.

TRINITY STUDENTS: LAB RATS

THESE PONCY layabouts should all be rounded up and used for experiments to discover how we can eradicate the shit-talking gene from future generations. They could also be used to discover what kind of DNA is responsible for West Brit accents and why people automatically turn into assholes when they put on tuxedos.

Joe Trinners

SIX: SWEATSHOP WORKERS

Sell them to the Third World

A LOT of moaning goes on about kids in the Third World being sold off as slaves and forced to work in sweatshops from the age of four onwards. This situation leads to children working sixteen hours a day, being starved half to death, and developing deformities that will stay with them until they die. This would seem like a worthy career change for Louis Walsh's new band Six, who already look like they are going to be a complete disaster in the world of pop music. In fact, once Six's (otherwise useless) DNA has been seized, Ireland should kick start its own sweatshop worker export industry – shipping out thousands of Six clones to be worked to the bone in the Third World countries that need them most

Valerie Roe - general operative

This bird spends most of her time standing outside Lillies' Bordello randomly deciding which nob-end to let in next. In the post-cloning era, we must ensure that people like this are only seen from the other side of a Spar counter or when you need someone to clean a particularly messy shit out of your toilet. In short, Valerie and the rest of her socialite spa friends will make up the servant classes in our Brave New World.

The High Life: Enjoy it while it lasts

SPAZ GUIDE TO: THE TRINITY BALL

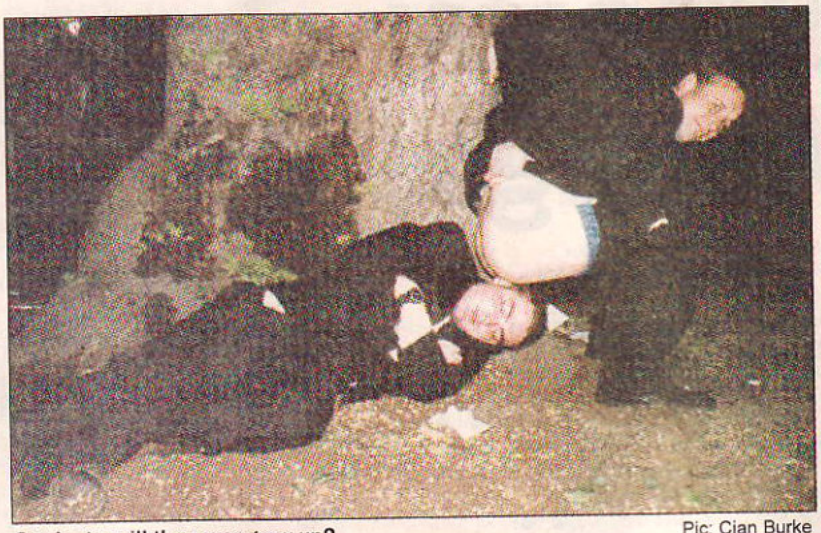
Skip this Din in the Trin

What is it?

The Trinity Ball is an all-night drink and drugs orgy held every May on the grounds of Trinity College. Year after year, various newspapers and magazines run laughable articles on how the ball is one of the social events of the year, alongside photoshoots of foreign models in expensive evening wear. Old hacks and society columnists, who probably last went to the ball some time in the sixties, assure their readers that it's all a bit of clean fun - a drunken ball dance, perhaps a sexual skirmish behind a bush, and then off home with everybody. The truth is far uglier. By the time they get inside the grounds, most people are too far out of their minds to be able to determine their own gender, let alone anybody else's, and vomiting, crying and misery is widespread. It usually pisses rain all night, and the whole experience is generally about as pleasant as a syringe in the groin.

What kind of entertainment do they provide?

Lots of bands and DJs play, but the sad reality is that most punters will get completely lost in the dark and end up seeing the Frames for five minutes, if they're lucky. The real action can be found in the vicinity of the Portaloos, where you will find groups of people cramming into cubicles, spilling their drugs everywhere and committing unspeakable acts of sexual deviancy which can't even be found on the internet yet. Other ways to pass the time before you're let out include counting the number of people who slip on the cobblestones and injure themselves, seeing how many hours it takes to get yourself a beer and sneaking into somebody's on-campus room and going to sleep.



Students: will they ever grow up?

Pic: Cian Burke

Ball traditions

Going to the Shelbourne Bar on Kildare St. where you can drink over-priced piss while surrounded by obnoxious D4 turds. Particularly unsuitable brands such as Bovril sponsoring the event. People spending the whole night on their mobile phones trying to find their friends. Men urinating everywhere. Girls getting their legs dirty and wrecking their expensive ball gowns.

Ball Myths

There are many great Trinity Ball myths, all of them untrue. One is that people hide in trees to try and get in free. Another is that the forthcoming ball is going to be the last one ever, usually put about by the organisers to ensure high ticket sales. A third, particularly untrue one is that going to the early house is good fun.

Diary of an Exam Marker

Monday

First load of scripts arrived today - what a drag. Apart from a couple of fifties (which I noted carefully) most of the students had been quite stingy. Pocketed the cash and went down to the bookies where I bet half the money on a horse called Read My Lips. Went to the Stag's Head later and got completely pissed with some new woman from the Geography department. Wrote her number on the back of an exam script but lost it in Iskander's while trying to avoid eye contact with some English football hooligan types. Must go back at some stage to look for it.

Tuesday

Woke up shortly after noon feeling a bit woozy but still determined to correct at least 30 exams before Countdown started. Got through a few of the better-looking members of the class, but then a headache came on so I made some hash tea. Corrected the rest then but, since I was stoned, decided that the only fair thing would be to give everyone the same mark - 58 I think.

Wednesday

Came home to find the cat shitting all over some exam papers that were on the floor. Kicked animal into fireplace but unfortunately knocked an old pot of coffee onto the exam scripts as well. Couldn't think of a good way to clean cat crap and coffee off exams so they went in the fire too.

Thursday

Read My Lips came in first so no exams corrected today until 11.30pm. Even then I only managed to scrawl some no-holds-barred comments across a couple of scripts - including a very unattractive girl who had pestered me all year with anal questions about things I wasn't interested in. Wrote a little message to discourage her from trying again next year: "Your grasp of ideas is limited and your handwriting is almost as unsightly as your lumpy ass."

Mingfellows for Dublin

IT'S A rare month that goes by without another venue opening up in Dublin that would be the perfect target for a suicide bomber. It looks like U2 are going to replace the Kitchen (see below) with yet another shit VIP bar. And now news is filtering through that the most unpleasant man in the international nightclub industry is going to open a Dublin strip club. Peter Stringfellow - famous for walking down a beach with his flabby ass hanging out of a G-string - is eyeing the Dublin market with a view to moving in. "I was in Dublin last week and I was talking to a number of people about opening my Dublin club," said Stringo last month. "The American guy who was expected to open a load of lap dancing clubs is not now. These days and for the past six years we do table dancing and that is what I want to do in Dublin."

Compition: Angels

Slide into Shite

THIS MONTH: THE KITCHEN NIGHTCLUB

Valentine's Day 1994
U2 decide that dance music is really cool and they want a club so The Kitchen is opened with maximum razmatazz and plenty of stupid-looking sunglasses. There is a moat around the dancefloor which people immediately start pissing in.

Naomi Campbell has a hissy fit because a DJ in the Kitchen refuses to disrupt his set by putting on some Prodigy tune she heard on Top of the Pops. DJ is immediately banned as punishment for not licking up to Adam Clayton's bird.

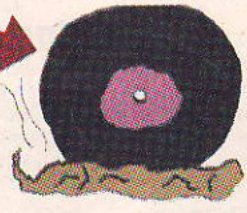
Well-known British DJ James Lavelle tells Muzik magazine that "the Kitchen is the best nightclub in the world."

2000
The Kitchen makes more money this year than ever before.

July 1998 Cops threaten to revoke the Kitchen's license when their undercover agents sneak into the club and buy drugs there.

2001 U2 are now way too old to be hanging around in a dance music club, tacky shitholes like Lillies and Renard's being more to their tastes. The Kitchen interior is beginning to fall apart and look like a kip, but the band's lack of interest means that they don't bother refurbishing it.

Mid-2002 Apart from one or two midweek nights, The Kitchen is now being routinely ignored by anyone with even the slightest interest in dance music. Instead, the depleted clientele consists of tourists who want to know why the DJ isn't playing Sunday Bloody Sunday and delighted jocks who think they've blagged their way into the Koolest Klub in Town



Veteran manager Ricky Mooney leaves the Kitchen as U2 announce that they are going to put the club out of its misery

SHOWBIZ MUCK

Mumba Jumble Sale

Congratulations to a gang of criminals in Bangladesh and Thailand who seem to have lost Samantha Mumba and her annoying brother around £1m. These Asian hoodlums are knocking out bootleg copies of Sam's awful movie debut, The Time Machine (which also stars little Omero), for a mere £2. A lot of the phony videos are being snapped up by English-speaking embassy workers in the Far East, but sultry Samantha also seems to be popular with the natives. The Mirror reported that, "in Asia, Sam is known as 'Mumba Jumba' and is viewed as a black Madonna."

» Oh no! Michael Jackson has apparently adopted a baby boy - and hired a Jehovah's Witness to take care of the unfortunate child.

Gav's Solo Photo

Stephen Gately (another Boyzone nobody) has been hanging around Dublin recently being loud and annoying with supertwat Gavin Lambe Murphy. The VIP 'writer' himself was spotted last month at some appalling product launch in the Clarence Hotel carrying on in a very humiliating manner. Onlookers reported that Gavin kept pressurising the organisers to let him into one of the official photographs. The only problem was that nobody wanted to be in a photo with Gavin, so - in order to get the bastard off their backs - they had to arrange for him to pose for a picture on his own. Needless to say, the photo was binned soon afterwards.

» Good to see that Jordan is still quaffing hard on the old champers with only a few weeks to go before she pops her sprog.

Tabloid Watch

The Sunday World jumps in quicker than a paedophile in a playground when it sees an opportunity to whip up some hysteria. So they were presumably delighted when the recent death of two cops in a joy-riding accident gave them an excuse to annouce that the country is in the grip of a 'crime explosion'.

Luckily for them they have Ireland's top journalist, Paul Williams, on hand to regale their stupid readers with lurid stories about the lives of the gangster underclass. Williams, who claimed in the introduction to his book on the General to be interested in the criminal mind and the causes of crime, fearlessly refers to juvenile delinquents as 'nasty little tearaways' and 'teen terrors' on their April 21 front page. The SW then go on to treat their readers to a nine page special on Dublin crime. As well as plenty of outrageous nonsense about zero-tolerance and 200 year jail sentences for anybody who steals a mars bar, the paper (courtesy of the concerned Williams) also went on to allege that inbreeding is a regular occurence among heroin addicts in the city centre.

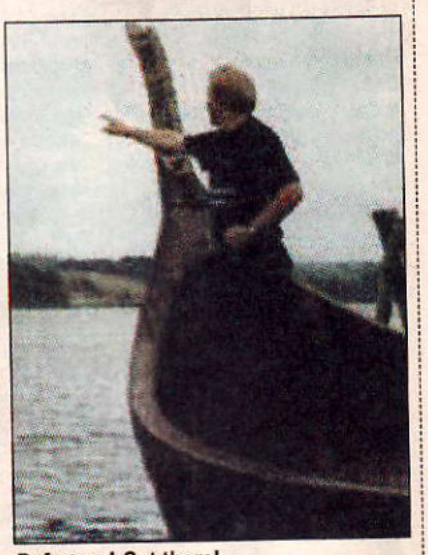
Balanced or what?

And at the arse end of the same paper, the SW's Metro magazine has surpassed itself in the past few weeks, comfortably seeing off stiff competition from newcomer Clubbing.com to retain it's position as Ireland's most stupid entertainment publication. As well as having a section called 'Underground' which hammers on about massively publicised festivals like Witnness, they also have one of Ireland's most shameless self publicists, Tony Pugh, writing about his own gigs every week. With all the shame of a whore shouting for customers on a brightly-lit street corner, he plugs his clubs repeatedly. "Dublin's most exciting new club night" is how he describes his club Fnerr, on April 21, and every now and then he makes references to his own DJing prowess. "Dublin's favourite DJ tag-team return to the Kitchen for another top night of music and mayhem," he proclaims modestly about himself and his DJ partner Ben Carvosso. "Expect the usual killer combination of funky tribal house, and electric atmosphere and the city's coolest crowd."

TOURIST GUIDE TO: WEXFORD

Find your Fortune in the Sunny South-East

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR A SUMMER GETAWAY? WELL, WHY NOT HEAD DOWN TO WEXFORD - THE COUNTY THAT HAS IT ALL!


Refugees! Get them!

Hospitality

This county is renowned for welcoming strangers with open arms. One heart-warming gesture two years ago saw 400 locals threatening to blockade the port in an effort to prevent a refugee centre being opened there. This 'cead mile failte' was extended on the basis that the homeless foreigners would spread Tuberculosis, AIDS, and other plague-like diseases in their town. At meetings, the Rosslare people took a very rational approach to the issue, which involved whipping each other into a frenzy and shouting things like "Turn the boats around and turn them back!" and "Even the Travelers in Athlone are complaining about them!"

Tourist Information

The local media exemplifies the open-mindedness of the people of Wexford. In a 1998 front page editorial, The Wexford People reported that refugees in designer clothes were eating in restaurants and living it up in exclusive apartments while the local people queued in the rain for their dole money. It also made the bizarre contention that refugees were digging up fields to steal vegetables, frightening old women and attempting to seduce and impregnate the ugly Irish girls - surely as far-fetched a notion as you could imagine.

History

As well as being among the friendliest citizens in Ireland, the Wexford people are a proud, upstanding and traditional race. The town itself was originally a Norman one, full of barbarous horn-helmeted yobs who ran around frightening children, tearing down buildings and setting fire to local animals. This is a custom that has been proudly upheld by the people of Wexford, with a recent Sunday World article detailing how a local gang of hooligans, led by a sixteen year-old, have been terrorising Bunclody by drinking cider on the streets and burning local farms to the ground.

Entertainment

There is plenty to do in Wexford. Recent Irish Times reports have described an upsurge in US-style gang activity among the local culchie youth. Why not take a stroll down to the local chipper and watch gangs of inbred delinquents throw rocks and metal at fleeing Gardai, or perhaps partake of a pint of Guinness in one of the windowless, filthy bars that are spread around the towns like malignant toadstools.

Calling all Landlords!!!

Get a right eyeful of your female tenants with our **Invisible Man** technology. No more uncomfortable peeping through the keyhole while Carlow Kate romps naked around your shower. Once this amazingly discreet camera is installed, you can just call by once a week to collect your raunchy recordings - and then bring them home to enjoy from the safety of your sofa.

Also available: **Green Eye technology** Like a cat on the prowl, this fabulous camera can see in the dark. Perfect for bedrooms - just instal and wait for the sex show to start.

Why not stick your shots on the internet and make a few extra bob for yourself?

Editing service also available. We'll get rid of Fat Fidelma footage so you can concentrate on Sexy Siobhan.

All equipment fully authorised by an Garda Siochana

New Guidelines to Ban Your Boss from Spying

THE BRITS ARE WORKING ON SOME SUGGESTIONS WHICH WOULD STOP ASSHOLE COMPANIES FROM TRACKING YOUR EVERY MOVE AT WORK

THERE WAS outrage in England recently as bosses were told that they may prevented from spying on their employees emails, phone calls and internet use. Fat cats around the nation were up in arms, as the British Information Commission drafted a paper which stated that they may have to provide workers with private email accounts and avoid covert snooping unless the police have been informed.

Horrified that they may no longer be able to treat their workers like five-year-old children, businesses around Britain have been dragging their heels, claiming that the proposed new procedures - which are only guidelines anyway, not laws - will be impossible to implement and impractical. The good news, though, is that they will probably be ignored and companies may be prosecuted if they do not comply with the guidelines.

Revolution, comrades

Other good foreign news from the same region is that for a mere ten English pounds, Brit employees can demand their confidential company records from their bosses - and they have to be handed over, otherwise the offending employers can be prosecuted. Sickness records, disciplinary or training records, appraisal or performance review notes, email logs and information held in general personnel files all have to be handed over.

Ireland, of course, is light years behind the rest of the world and it is still perfectly legal for your boss to spy on emails you send, listen while you talk on the phone at work and note down what internet sites you've been looking at. With any luck however, Ireland will hopefully soon follow suit, allowing you to spend all day looking at snuff and child pornography.

Meanwhile, here are some sites to look up on the internet that will certainly get your snooping boss's henchmen running down the stairs and throwing you out a third floor window before you even have time to get your coat.

No more nipping out to the phonebox to bitch about your boss in England

WWW.REDWAY.ORG

This charming little porn portal not only offers chicks with dicks, 'farm secrets' videos and umpteen fetish pages, but also has links to the odd rape site which should certainly get your salary cut by a few thousand Euro.

WWW.SNUFFX.COM

If you want to go out in style, snuff is probably the way to do it. Some of the milder stuff on this site is based around 'ball surgery' so you can imagine the rest. Should get you fired in under a minute.

FORWARD OF THE MONTH

The Mpeg to the right is not pleasant. But if you insist, you can have it by emailing forwards@theslate.ie

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How to Smash

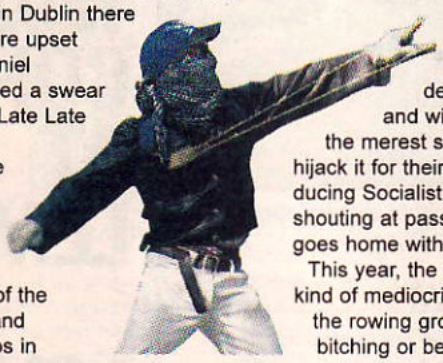
Matt Forsyth

This Mayday we should follow the rest of the civilized world's example and go on a destructive rioting spree

THE ANNUAL Mayday protests in Ireland tend to be about as exciting as a dead fish compared to the mayhem that ensues in England, Germany and other European countries where people seem to have a decent sense of how to wreck things. While the continentals go wild, running around overturning cars, tossing bottles of petrol at police and inhaling teargas, in Dublin there would be more upset caused if Daniel O'Donnell used a swear word on the Late Late Show.

This terrible state of affairs is hardly surprising, seeing as most of the 'alternative' and protest groups in Dublin seem to spend most of their time bickering with each other, forming pointless splinter groups and generally posing absolutely no threat to the powers that be. One of the best known is the Socialist Worker Party, a moronic left wing activist group who specialise in stupid slogans and hackneyed, outdated ideas. Although you wouldn't know it to look at them, they are deceptively well organised and will turn up anywhere at the merest sniff of a protest and hijack it for their own purposes by producing Socialist Worker placards and shouting at passers-by until everybody goes home with a headache.

This year, the Slate demands that this kind of mediocrity be stamped out - all the rowing groups should either stop bitching or be locked up for the entire May bank holiday weekend while everybody else gets busy hotwiring cars, wearing balaclavas, looting and causing as much trouble as possible. In this essential guide, we'll provide Dublin's concerned rioters with all they need to know about the Mayday weekend - how to cause maximum damage, what to wear and who you're likely to run into.



WHO YOU'LL MEET AT A RIOT & WH

THE GARDAI

Defining characteristics: Most will have their arms folded and both males and females will have moustaches and close-set eyes which suggest that their place of birth is outside of Dublin. They will look angry, partly because of the prospect of having to do some work, and also because none of them are educated enough to operate their Pulse computer operating system.

What they'll be doing: Ban Gardai will be standing around tutting and flexing their muscles like weightlifters, while the men Gardai will be running around trying to stop their sex-mad alsations from having intercourse in public. In the face of any threat they will utter loud curse words and then radio quickly for backup. May also use walky talky to report a particularly sexy female. May brandish cosh in the manner of a hurling player.

How to treat them: Jeer loudly when they arrive and make pig noises. Do not use pollysyllabic words near them as this will make them suspicious and may provoke an arrest even before you have broken any windows.

CRUSTIES

Defining characteristics: Missing teeth, dreadlocks, often British. Turn up at most outdoor and alternative events such as marches, bongo playing sessions, and beach parties because they are never allowed into pubs and nightclubs. Some of the more extreme ones may actually be wearing bits of trees. Generally more interested in fairies and old tombs than the political cause which is been pursued by the rest of the assembled people.

What they'll be doing: Offering to tie bits of coloured string into hair for money which will rot if left in too long, blatantly smoking cannabis, climbing trees, and sitting down when they get too stoned.

How to treat them: As you would a dog on a string

THE BLACK BLOCK

This group of hardcore nutbag anarchists can be found being violent at protests around the world. Most 'mainstream' anti-capitalists don't approve of their actions. Many rumours about them exist, one being that they are a combination of neo-fascists

Capitalism in Dublin

MORE AND MORE CUNTS HAVE BEEN SHOWING UP FOR RIOTS OVER THE LAST 10 YEARS

May 1992: Avon Free Festival

In Avon, England a whole load of crusties and lefties hold the Avon Free Festival. When the cops arrive to break it up, they all nip across the border into a different police jurisdiction and hold a massive four day rave.

May 1996: Reclaim the Streets

Reclaim the Streets, then a newly formed protest group, occupy a stretch of the M41 in west London. 10,000 take part, and the whole thing turns into another impromptu rave with people running around maddoutofit having a great time. A few arrests are made.

November 1999: The Battle of Seattle

The first large scale violent anti-capitalist confrontation takes place and sets a pattern that is repeated in other cities in the future. Up to 100,000 protesters march on the building where the World Trade Organisation is meeting. At first the Police, taken by surprise, can't cope and political celebrities such as the UN secretary general, Kofi Annan are prevented from making it to the opening ceremonies. Things soon get nasty though, as the cops steam in with tear and pepper gas to disperse crowds. One high point is the British Trade and Industry secretary, Stephen Byers, accidentally getting tear-gassed. Police draft in armoured cars and dogs, and start lashing out sting bullets as a minority of black-clothed, gasmask-wearing anarchists run around the place.

May 2000, London

The centre of London is brought to a standstill as thousands of protesters hold a massive street party. Things remain peaceful until some crazier cunts deface a couple of monuments and McDonald's gets trashed. 'Guerilla gardening' takes place, which involves planting marijuana in public places which are not discovered until July. The police operation is the biggest in the capital for a political demonstration for 30 years and 30 people are arrested.

July 2001: G8, Genoa

This anti-G8 protest is the one that really catches the headlines, thanks mostly to the Italian cops more or less completely losing the run of themselves. At a cost of 130 million euro, more than 20,000 police, army and navy personnel are put on alert as thousands of protestors converge on the Italian city. Again, Black Block protestors start looting and throwing petrol bombs around, but the police retaliation is apparently of a calibre that would have done the Nazi SS proud. An Italian dies after being shot by the cops and then reversed over by their van. British anti-capitalists are battered senseless and then tortured in prison, and when finally released are told that their arrests had been illegal. No apologies are issued and they get banned from entering Italy for five years.

AT THEY'RE LIKE

and police associates designed to discredit the left and give the cops an excuse to kick off and batter the shit out of protestors.

Defining characteristics: Wear black clothes and gasmasks. Often don't get into them until just before an attack. May jump out of police vans or mysteriously appear from behind police lines and instigate a full scale riot.

What they'll be doing: Attacking banks, police officers, buildings.

How to treat them: As you would a dog with rabies.

THE SOCIALIST WORKERS PARTY

A notoriously dour bunch of lefties who have had the humour part of their personalities removed by severe brain-washing.

Defining characteristics: Always have a placard in hand. Generally look scruffy and unappealing in an eighties kind of way.

What they'll be doing: Shouting simplistic slogans in harsh, ear-splitting voices. Making people vote for Fianna Fail by being so annoying.

WHAT YOU NEED TO CAUSE HAVOC

A good rioter is no use to anyone without a well-stocked riot pack

BICYCLE HELMET

If a decent riot does actually break, the Irish Gardai will almost certainly be taken completely by surprise. The result of this - as seen when English football hooligans got unruly in Lansdowne Road - will be a load of fat bloodthirsty cops charging in trying to crack as many skulls as possible. Precision is not a Garda forte, so you can expect the batons to be swung with all the accuracy of an Alcholics Anonymous darts champion. A helmet will obviously hinder your efforts at looking cool during the riot, but it may save you being carted off in an ambulance.

BAG OF STONES

Missiles could get fairly thin on the ground in the heat of a riot (unless the Gardai start flinging them back) so it's often a good idea to bring some with you. Other alternatives include golf balls (bring a tee and pitching wedge), bowling balls (find a smooth piece of tarmac and roll it at a Garda on horseback) or javelins, which you could borrow from the PE teacher in your old school.

FLOWERS & PLANTS

Not the most threatening weapon, but guerilla gardening is a popular activity at these kinds of riots. "The best part is watching the cops kick it apart and getting it all on film," enthused one protester. At the London riots last year, Winston Churchill's statue was surrounded by cannabis plants and covered in paint - leaving the fat old shit looking like he had been dragged through a squat.

A SPARE SHIRT

Send an email to editor@theslate.ie with 'riot mask' as the subject and we'll explain how to turn a shirt into a perfectly-functioning mask. Once you put it on, you will be seen as a legitimate target by the cops - no matter how innocent your actions are. Try strolling around outside the US embassy with a mask on waving some kind of polite placard. It probably won't take long for some burly asshole to tackle you to the ground, accuse you of being a suicide bomber, and start shoving your gums into the kerb. Bring a camera and send us the photos.

Dress up like this and you'll be fine

A GOLF CLUB

Use this to smash in any CCTV cameras you see spying on people.

A GAS MASK

It would be nice if the Gardai could manage some tear gas but, seeing as they will almost certainly favour brute culchie force, this is highly unlikely. However, if you feel like pretending you are at a proper European-style riot, bring a gas mask along - and some lemon juice which is meant to negate the effects of tear gas. Swimming goggles make for a completely ridiculous-looking alternative.

Places to attack

BUSES THAT ARE PLASTERED WITH A BIG RED VODAFONE AD

Who the fuck decided that it would be a good idea to block all the natural light off from the inside of a bus by covering it with a vile mobile phone ad? Do your bit for the disorientated fuckers inside by breaking a window to let some sunlight in.

TRINITY COLLEGE

With the tourist season just starting, there's no better time to plaster this West Brit Disneyland in graffiti, banners, eggs and any other rotting shit you can get your hands on.

MCDONALDS

Always a favoured target on riot days. As well as just breaking the furniture and pouring dry cement into the jacks (it blocks them and then the managers have to close the place) you can disrupt business by spreading false propaganda about the food. Cut some hair off your dog and bring it into McDonald's in your pocket. Then order a burger and spread hair between the bun and the 'meat'. Start shouting about this catastrophic state of your food as you carry the burger (on an outstretched palm) past the queue up to the food desk.

CUT THIS OUT AND STICK IN PEOPLE'S WINDSCREENS WIPERS

50% OFF

Esso

This token is valid at all Esso stations in the Repulic of Ireland for the entire month of May

ANY VARIETY OF ESSO PETROL PURCHASED WITH THIS TOKEN

Out & About

ONCE-OFF CLUBBING ...22
The Spastic is back - Hawtin is touring on the back of his top-class DE9 album. The ticket price may have soared dramatically, but the people will still flock to see him

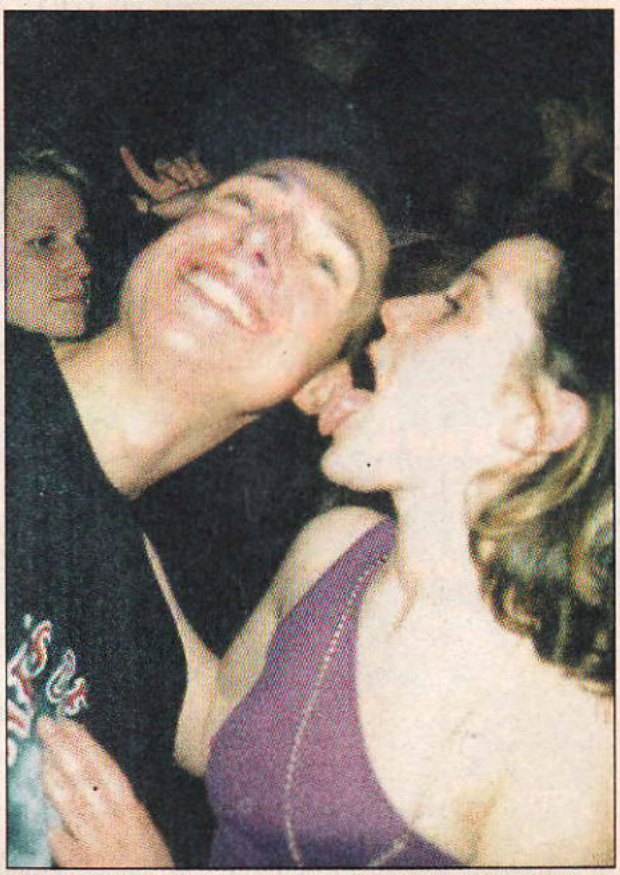
REGULAR CLUBBING ...30
All the usual bitching, sniping and reporting from the increasingly dead world of Irish clubbing. It all needs a kick up the hole . . .

LIVE MUSIC ...38
The So Solid Crew, having been banned from the Trinity Ball, bring their not great music to the Redbox

CINEMA ...43
There's a new film out from those crazy Danes in Dogme. Surprisingly enough, it's more or less a romantic comedy. Speaking of which, Meg Ryan stars in another pile of muck

THEATRE ...46
Copenhagen at the Project has our reviewers slavering all over each other, but there's not much else on

In retrospect going to the 'partially sighted hairdresser' may not have beensuch a good idea.



The concept of 'giving head' confuses two young Dubliners.

TICKET COMPETITIONS

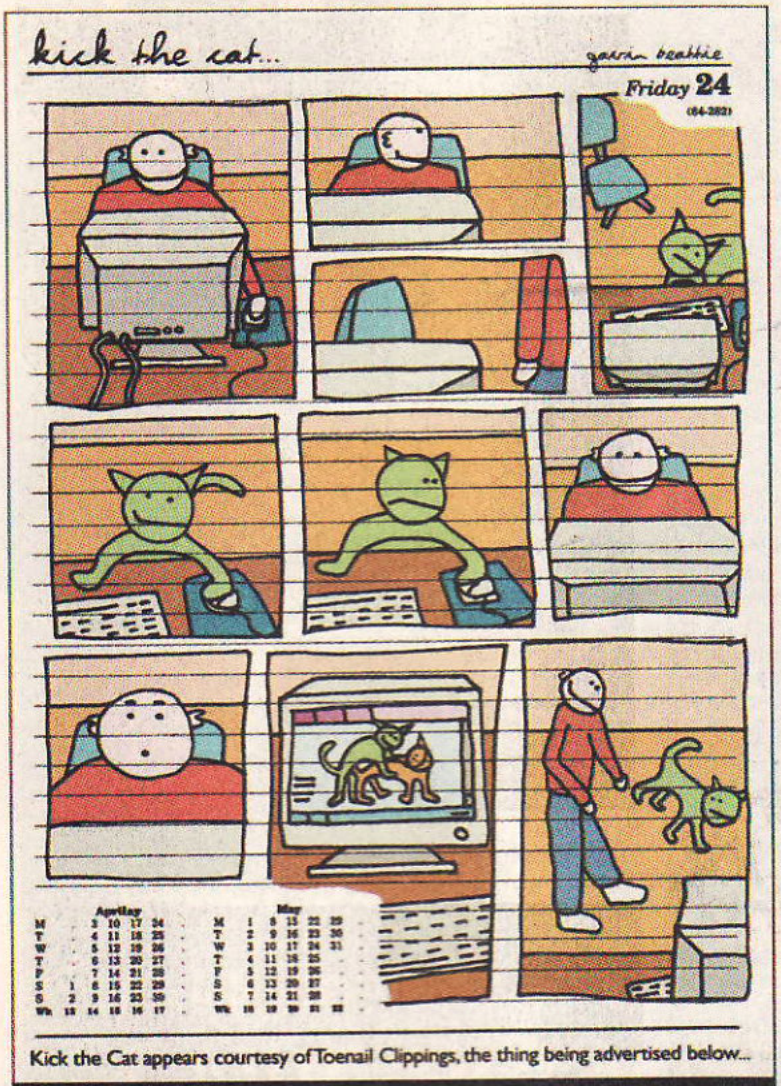
Great news readers - just answer the following question and we'll give you tickets to see Joey Negro in the Tivoli this month.

Q: Who is cooler - the Edge or George Bush?

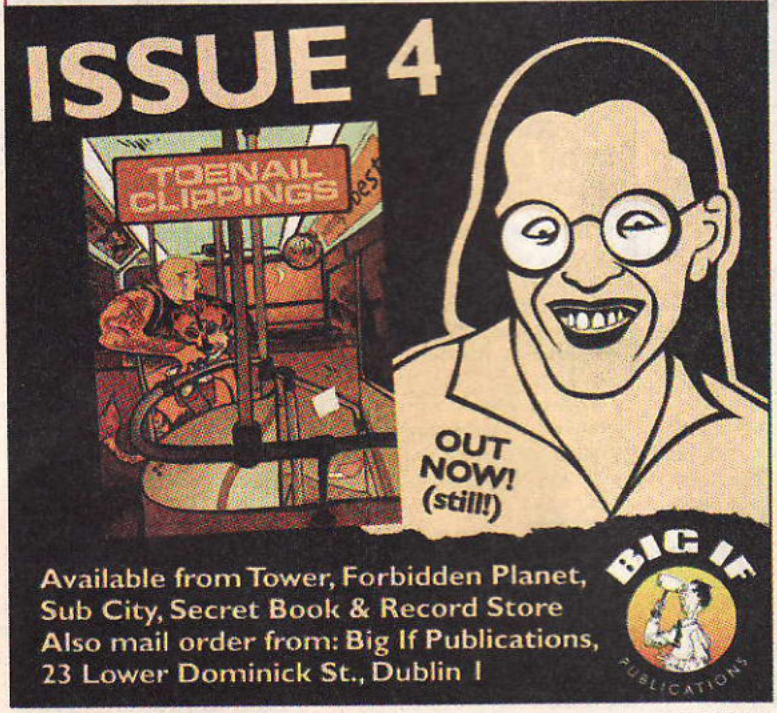
Answers to clubbing@theslate.ie

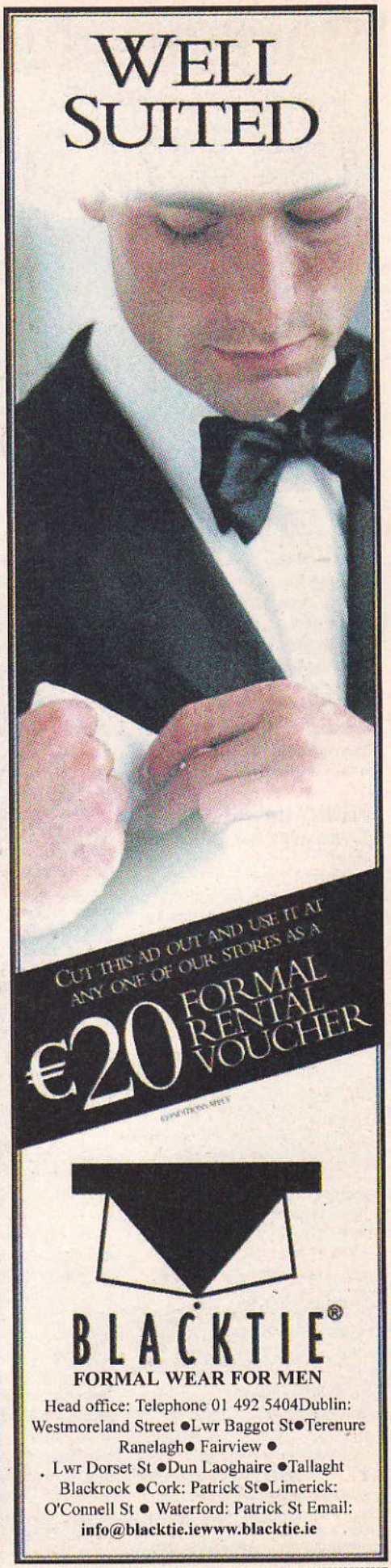
IF YOU WANT YOUR EVENT LISTED IN THE SLATE, RING 664 0007 OR EMAIL clubbing@theslate.ie, gigs@theslate.ie or arts@theslate.ie

TO ADVERTISE IN OUR LISTINGS SECTION, EMAIL ads@theslate.ie or ring 662 0013



Kick the Cat appears courtesy of Toenail Clippings, the thing being advertised below...





THE JOYS OF NOIZE

Danish deck whizz DJ Noize

DJ NOIZE
THURSDAY 02 MAY
RI RA €9

THIS COPENHAGEN turntable wunderkind visited Dublin only a few months ago as support to Gang Starr's Guru. The reaction to his set was mixed, but then the notoriously dreary role of hip-hop support DJ was never one he was cut out for. This chap thrives in the full glare of the limelight. His previous Irish appearance three years ago in The Funnel (in which he formed a lightning-fingered Danish duo with sparring partner Static) was a far better showcase for the man's supernatural abilities.
The two of them blew the local lads clean off the stage with an hour's worth of gobsmacking routines, followed by a jam. The routines were among the finest ever seen over here - they both have a special flair for cutting words and phrases out of records (a Noize call-and-response routine involves the New York namechecks of KRS One's Sound Of Da Police being replaced with Copenhagen ones from one of his own productions) to construct cute and comical set pieces.
Together they create awesome monster slabs of Frankenstein funk with one manipulating drums from the debris of two records, and the other providing the filling. That night may also have been the first time Eminem came roaring out of a Dublin sound-system, courtesy of an explosive Noize routine based around I Just Don't Give A Fuck.
The fact that the lanky Dane (he's 6'5") can not only put this craziness together with staggering ease in front of the worst pressure imaginable (i.e. sulky hip hop boys dying for him to go on his arse) but mimes and sings along to all the phrases makes him one serious showman.
Recommended.

KENNY HAWKES
THURSDAY 02 MAY
WAX €7

After a couple of false starts, Wax should finally get to host Kenny Hawkes this month. The Soul Patrol crowd will be pleased to welcome the man but would be best advised to keep their fingers crossed that he actually shows up - given this night's hit and miss ratio with international guests. Brighton-boy Hawke is a well-traveled and experienced DJ, often playing in the U.S., where they seem to love him. His deep, funky house usually goes down a treat wherever he plays, and he's popular enough here to pull in a grateful crowd. Hawkes used to run a weekly night in London's swanky Bar Rumba which should mean he'll be right at home in the plush surroundings of Wax. Support from Keith Dalton

FC KAHUNA
FRIDAY 03 MAY
RED BOX €14.90

Not terribly exciting acid house electronica comes to the even less inspiring Red Box. Dan and Jon Kahuna were quick enough to drop big beat (of which they were as guilty as any of drilling the bollox out of) when it became unfashionable. They're still living in the late 90s though, collaborating with minor members of The Verve and Super Furry Animals for one of those turgid dance concept albums. However, they're nifty enough at the bit of remixing, doing a fine job recently with Felix Da Housecat's Silver Screen/Shower Scene. Ably supported by Hank Marvin lookalike Francois. Support from Francois

LUKE SLATER
FRIDAY 03 MAY
TBMC €22

When Luke Slater released the rock-flavoured Wireless, the techno purists branded him a sell-out. How dare one of dance music's best-loved poster boys fuck about with anything as vulgar as guitars? These same anal-retentive twats are probably having apoplectic fits over Slater's recent synth-pop extravaganza Alright on Top, and would probably have hated his live set at last year's Creamfields: unabashedly upbeat, bouncy, good-time techno, delivered with a smile. If this upcoming gig is anything like that one, then the chin-strokers should definitely stay away. It must be said though, that the longer Slater goes on without the mainstream success he desires, the more obvious and blatant his shots at it are each time he reappears. And get that fucking Rollerball suit off you, boy - 70s retro-futurism is for dickheads. Support from Sunil Sharpe

TRUST WEEKENDER
FRIDAY 03 MAY
RI RA €10 PER NIGHT

This is the second annual shindig of this nature. It basically involves every DJ hack who's been on the Dublin scene since Dicky Rock pitching up to Ri Ra and doing their bit for charity. Then they can wake up the next morning and get back into the normal routine of life in Dublin's most paranoid and untrustworthy industry. Oh well, one day out of 365 - it could be worse. The whole thing is run by two Dublin DJs - Pat McMellow (we've slagged his name off already) and Scott McNaughton - and the proceeds are split between three different charities: the Merchants' Quay Project, ISPCC and Victim Support Ireland. As well as the DJ performances (Kenny Hawkes, Francois, Liam Dollard, Tonie Walsh, Aoife Nic Canna, a priest and a million others), there is new material from David Kitt and an appearance from Sperm.com, the rap group out of Paths to Freedom.

LIL LOUIE VEGA
SATURDAY 04 MAY
SPIRIT €20

It's surprising that Little Louie Vega has time to DJ these days. The Masters At Work have decided that remixing is totally last century and that good old-fashioned production is where the future lies. Our Time Is Coming, their first studio album since 1997's breathtaking NuYorican Soul, has just been released, and there's NuYorican Soul 2 and an album of electronic samples on the way.
This could be the last call this year for some authentic New York Latin house. There'll also be an authentic New York Latin mill-up if one more person asks him if the 'Little part of his name means he's hung like a button mushroom.

RACHEL AUBURN
SATURDAY 04 MAY
TEMPLE THEATRE €18

The brassier, younger likes of Lisa Pin-Up and Titchy Bitch tend to hog the male attention when it comes to hard house, with Anne Savage cornering the first lady title due to her concentration on the kids-stuff 'Northern Bounce' style. Poor Rachel Auburn tends to get overlooked in all this, but she's still a great party DJ, with a long history in the UK gay nu-nrg scene of Trade and Heaven. The music being hard house, there's not exactly a wide spectrum of delicate nuances but for the record, Auburn pushes a darker, trancier flavour which peaks in a frenzy of hoovers and helium voices. Support from Razor Jay Pidgeon, Orbit, Ken Tobin

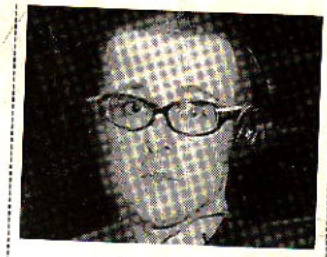
Do you want to write for this clubbing section? Just send an email in to clubbing@theslate.ie with 'clubbing mailout' as the subject and we'll let you know what needs to be done.

BRYAN G
SATURDAY 04 MAY
TBMC €19

V Records Boss Bryan Gee says he wants to bring the sex back into drum n bass and may we be vulgar enough to suggest that he's a man with just the name to do it. An original jungle veteran, his V imprint introduced the world to the Bristol sound of Roni Size and Krust with tracks like Roni's Music Box back in 1994. Many reckoned the Bristol take on drum n bass and jungle had more art and elegance than its manic London cousin, but following Roni Size's commercial success in 1997, most of V Records' output was austere and spare, relying mainly on back catalogue to survive. Recently though, as Gee suggests, their sound has become more lush, housier and dare we say it - sexy?. Support from Razor

BOY GEORGE
SUNDAY 05 MAY
RED BOX €20.90

This Red Box date with the



gender bender turned pitch shifter is part of what is rather pathetically being called the Red Parrot Irish Tour, which amounts to George turning up in two culchie discos and maybe some joint up north in Hurleyville. And, of course, there's the traditional bitching and moaning that accompanies a Boy George DJ date, despite the fact that he's been spinning for longer than Justin Berkovi's been alive. Aside from the fancy house anthems, you can expect anything from Ken Ishii to Plump DJs and bassline 2-step. He's still queen of the comebacks too, recently informing Frank Skinner that what the garrulous chat show host needs is a good rogering. And this to an interviewer who suggested that George was keen on starring as himself in the West End musical, Taboo. "if I want your opinion," responded George. "I'll take my cock out of your mouth." Support from Andy Penny

JUDGE JULES & MARK KAVANNAGH
SUNDAY 05 MAY
TEMPLE THEATRE €22

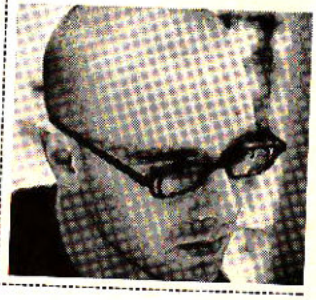
A highly spurious but much loved yarn (which does no damage to the reputation of either of these lads) is that on an Irish visit in late 1994, the Judge (above) passed a record to Mark Kavanagh with a nod and a wink. The disk in question was Access by Misjah and Tim. Kavanagh reputedly debuted it shortly after (while supporting N-Joi at the Tivoli) and proceeded to milk the tune for all it was worth as it steadily became the biggest dance record of 1995 and an all-time classic. Meanwhile, it went on to more or less make Jules' career as we now know and despise it. Unfortunately, if tonight is even half as bad as it sounds, the only thing he'll be passing to Kavanagh is the arsenic. Support from Jay Pidgeon, Orbit, Ken Tobin

RICHIE HAWTIN
SUNDAY 05 MAY
AMBASSADOR €30

The most exciting thing about this gig so far has been the spectacle of ie-dance boys wetting their techno trousers with indignation over the (admittedly criminal) original ticket price. As reported in the news section of last month's sensational Slate, unscrupulous money hounds MCD tried to slip a whopping price increase of €7 for this gig past punters who had 'only' paid €25 door tax to see Hawtin (below) play the same venue a few months ago. MCD claimed that there had been an increase in the DJ/producers fee which was responsible for the extra door tax. Presumably they took the view that his fans will sell the place out anyway, so why not hit them for a few quid more, eh? After much moaning, MCD cut the price by a heroic 2 lids. What else is there to say about the gig other than: everyone's going, it will be super. Don't miss a chance to worship the techno god of slaphead.

DAVID HOLMES
SUNDAY 05 MAY
TIVOLI €TBC

The Tivoli continue their practice of bringing over only the latest in cutting-edge acts by digging deep into Influx's old boy network and producing hatchet-faced Nordie David Holmes. Who was only here a few weeks ago. His legendary ego will no doubt be swollen to zeppelin size by the critical reaction to his soundtrack for Hollywood stinker Ocean's Eleven, which was that his music was the only good thing about the film. Being by now officially known as an 'eclectic' DJ means that Holmes can choose from a variety of genres when picking the music he will bore the tits off you with.



Sconch McNaughton - one of the Trust Weekender Masterminds

LEE BURRIDGE
SUNDAY 05 MAY
MONO €17

One half of the acclaimed Tyrant duo (in conjunction with Craig Richards), Lee Burridge has a lot going for him. With the imminent release of the Tyrant 2 compilation and the critical acclaim garnered by the first CD, it's a safe bet to say that Burridge will deliver the goods. For those wary of judging a DJ solely by his studio mixes, fear not, this man can - and will - rock it live. Never one to restrict himself to spinning just one type of music, he is likely to come out with a bewildering multitude of sounds. Burridge is renowned for his ability to mix anything from deep house to breakbeats to twisted tech-house without once losing the flow. Recommended.

DOC SCOTT
FRIDAY 10 MAY
TBMC TBC

No less than Goldie proclaims this lad 'the king of the rollers', which - 'round Metalheadz central after hours - probably has more than one meaning. In this case, old Jaws is referring to the Doc's natural flair for piecing together a perfect drum n bass journey with each record rolling sweetly off the back of the last. It's a shame Goldie himself wouldn't take a few leaves out of his protégé's book and quit wearing out the stop/start buttons on his decks (as witnessed with dismay back in November at the Music Centre). Doc Scott, apart from being a blinding DJ, has turned out some of drum n bass's stone cold classics, such as Here Come The Drumz, Shadow Boxing and the Ritz ad soundtrack Ghost.Support from Rohan

ED REAL
FRIDAY 10 MAY
TEMPLE THEATRE € 13

Ed Real's last appearance at Euphoria impressed anyone who could tell the difference between him and all the others, and kept the rest of the crowd's tongues rolling happily around the backs of their heads. Ed was initially recruited in 1998 by the UK branch of crap Italian chart dance label Media, who wanted him to knock a little side project of theirs into shape. It was called Nukleuz Records, and Ed made the label so successful in four years that it now makes more money than Media UK. With hard house mafia like Nick Sentience and BK on board, Nukleuz shares top billing with Tidy Trax as the ultimate hard beat label. Good DJ, too. Support from Jay Pidgeon, Ken Tobin

IAN OSSIA
FRIDAY 10 MAY
MONO TBC

Long-time resident of Renaissance, Ian Ossia has been DJing for over 10 years. Though never approaching the recognition reserved for those other two Renaissance notables, Sasha and Digweed, this chap has none the less played an important role in the development of the club. Now that Renaissance have left their home in Media, this could be the year that Ossia finally spreads his wings. His last performance in Mono was well received and some were surprised at the toughness of his music. If you're expecting hands in the air progressive you'll be disappointed. It's music that won't change the world but will get you dancing.

JAMES ZABIELA
SATURDAY 11 MAY
RED BOX €16.90

Since winning Muzik magazine's annual 'Bedroom Bedlam' DJ competition, James Zabiela rise to stardom has been nothing short of shocking. He is billed as Sasha's protégé, but anyone expecting a Sasha Mk II is in for a big surprise. Zabiela's performance at Alderaan's Creamfields UK afterparty - in which he managed to do more in 1 hour than most DJs do in four - bodes extremely well for this gig. Highlights of that performance included his outstanding mashup of Blue Monday and I Feel Loved (Danny Tenaglia Mix), his own breakbeat mix of Xpander (all the more striking for the fact that it had been constructed on a Playstation using Music 2000!), some phenomenal scratching and amazing use of the EQs and FXs units. With fine performances under his belt on his last two visits to this country, this should be an excellent gig. Support from Robbie Butler

PROMOTERS!
Send your listings info to:
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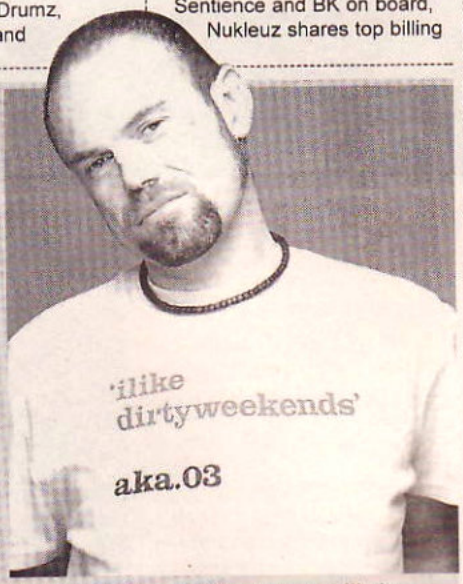
JUMPING JOEY'S DISCO DITTIES

JOEY NEGRO
SATURDAY 11 MAY
TIVOLI €20
SUPPORT FROM NICK BRIDGES & PHILTH



THE NAME Joey Negro may not sound all that exciting to Dublin clubbers unfamiliar with his many aliases, but you can rest assured it would generate more excitement than his real name, the decidedly unglamorous Dave Lee. This Isle of Wight DJ and studio boffin had been trucking along for donkey's years with no one paying him a blind bit of notice until last year when he gatecrashed the charts good-style, not once but twice.

First there was the slinky, ethereal American Dream as Jakatta (which, in fairness, was an Ibiza favourite the year before and only got a full release last year). This was quickly followed by Real Life as Raven Maize, a record which - with its Queen and Simple Minds samples - wouldn't get past the door on paper, but sounded shockingly good when off your tits on a summer's evening.

One suspects the moneylenders were 'round Joey's gaff bothering his wife, see-

He spends them on his own, most likely

ing as the proggy commercial whoosh of these singles have exactly nothing to do with what he's been pushing for the last 14 years, which is disco. As far back as 1992, he was being credited with the idea of 'disco house', plundering his rich collection for peachy samples to tack onto heaving house beats. What a pity Kenny 'Dope' Gonzalez got the jump on him in 1995 by taking one of his own all-time favourites, Chicago's Streetplayer, and chopping it into The Bomb (as The Bucketheads), thereby kickstarting disco house for real.

Well, he's extracted his revenge on us lowly clubbers with his latest Jakatta single, a drastic piece of crap called So Lonely. If he leaves that at home, and digs deep into his own production history, we're in for a great night.

BENTLEY RHYTHM ACE
FRIDAY 17 MAY
SHELTER **TBC**

After Ex-Prodigy boy Leeroy postponed his recent Dublin show, promoters Liberation quick as a flash got in ex-big beat lads Bentley Rhythm Ace to fill the gap. As we pointed out when they played here two months ago, this duo will probably never escape the cartoon image they crafted for themselves in the bad old days of the mid-90s, but they still have more imagination than more of the bandwagon-hopping cunts that are all the rage these days. For the record, Mark Stokes' and Richard Marsh's latest studio explorations are said to be leaning in a new (for them) housier direction, and this could possibly be reflected in their set tonight. Either way, they're two good, up for it DJs who know how to entertain. Support from Gedge, Jim Fitzpatrick

FLASHBACK
FRIDAY 17 MAY
MONO **TBC**

More 'back in the day' shenanigans. Compared to the Red Box series, there's something just a little bit shabby and opportunistic about Mono's effort. For a start, it's headlined by Mr. Spring, who was as shit then as he is now. Original Banana Boy Dave McDonald has been dug up from God knows where. Warren K played an excellent warm up set at Red Box's second outing and hopefully will get a later slot in which to shine. And the crowd will be busy getting battered enough to blot out the fact that they are still in the same shit jobs they had the first time these tunes were out.

JUSTIN BOURNE
FRIDAY 17 MAY
TEMPLE THEATRE **E13**

Possibly hard house's biggest rising star, as if anyone outside the scene gives two fucks. Despite his poncy name, Justin Bourne makes rattling good hard beat tracks like My House and Time Is Up and seems to be remixing everyone in sight. Hard house of course, is maligned for its relentless sameyness - entirely untrue, in fact it traverses a broad spectrum from hard to very hard. His DJ style is what's known in the trade as 'bastard hard' - how hard bastard hard actually is you won't know 'til you head on down. Support from Jay Pidgeon, Ken Tobin

SUPER SHARP SHOOTER

DJ ZINC
THURSDAY 23 MAY
MONO **€12**
SUPPORT FROM RORY BYRNE

ALTHOUGH ZINC has been booked to play drum n bass here at Cushi tonight, that's not the context in which his name has been bandied about for the past two years. Beyond a certain amount of experimentation, he's exclusively known in jungle circles for his gangsta-tinged jump up anthems on the True Playaz label he co-runs with DJ Hype and Pascal (Pascal? What's a big culchie doing running one of London's hippest drum n bass labels?). So he was hardly the man likely to make a tiny bit of London history when he changed the evolution of the UK garage scene for good in the summer of 2000.

This shift had its roots in an experimental electro-charged track - at what was, for drum n bass, a decidedly funereal pace of 138 bpm - which appeared as a filler on one of Zinc's EPs. The track was called 138 Trek and it caught the ear of DJ E-Z, the UK's premier garage spinner. He started to drop it into his sets to the delight of hyper MCs and garage ravers all over London.

Vot is he Zincing about?

But the garage old world royalty were less than impressed and more or less boycotted Zinc's tune, leading all those who were into this flash of inspiration away from nights like Twice as Nice in the direction of new clubs run by Dee Kline, Stanton Warriors and the man Zinc.

These nights were based around this new breakbeat-y electro sound patented by Zinc and since then replicated a million times by himself on Bingo Beats, a True Playaz garage offshoot label. That said, bar maybe a sprinkling of Bingo cuts towards the end, it's back to his drum n bass roots tonight. Where he's distinguished himself enough with 1996's all time gunshot classic Super Sharp Shooter and the Scarface-sampling True Playaz Anthem. Top night.

SANDER KLEINENBERG
SATURDAY 18 MAY
RED BOX **€20.90**

Following the release of My Lexicon, Sander Kleinenberg's meteoric rise from two-bit producer to superstar DJ has been nothing short of meteoric. And while the quality of his productions is not up for question (the understated trance of My Lexicon was a breath of fresh air at a time when that scene was drowning under a deluge of crap euphoric Euro-cheese), it is worth remembering that a good producer does not necessarily make a good DJ. This was painfully obvious when Kleinenberg was supported by James Zabiela early last year. Zabiela, a DJ of phenomenal skill, made a show out of poor Sander, who tried to out-do the youngster from the start but who's inadequate mixing and unfortunate track selection made it clear for all to see that he was just some chancer who's better off staying in the studio. Support from Robbie Butler

TIDY BOYS
SATURDAY 18 MAY
TEMPLE THEATRE **€18**

OK, we know they're great. But come on, for fuck's sake, they were only here for the Easter weekend. In a scene already saturated with top-level DJing talent (or in other words, a sea of middle aged guys who do the exact same thing as each other with hard house records), there's hardly any need to bring them back again so soon. As in-house producers for the Tidy Trax label, Amadeus and Andy more or less rule hard house as we know it, but as DJs they stand out from the pack for their ability to create full-on energy beyond the too-many-yokes-and-too-much-red-bull confines of a lot of hard house. If you managed to force the worst techno philistine here tonight at gunpoint, even he would have to admit there's something special here. Support from Jay Pidgeon, Orbit, Ken Tobin

Hard House and Trance writers wanted - email clubbing@theslate.ie

MASKET CASES

ALTERN8 (LIVE)

FRIDAY 24 MAY
TBMC €20
SUPPORT FROM CRIMINAL K, COZZY, DROID 'N' SLUG

Giles Armstrong's Happy Daze crew take the nostalgia thing one step further this month by resurrecting the rave era's most ridiculous-looking cunts and stuffing them back into their boiler suits and gasmasks for a live PA. An inspired move and the timing is just about right (well more right than when an unfortunate promoter brought old-skool legends Ratpack to an entirely empty SFX two years ago).
Altern8 had a few chart smashes at the peak of rave-mania, all with an irrit8ing 8 in the title but they were far from a bubblegum plastic chart act. In fact, the singles sound remarkably fresh today while their b-sides and album Full On Mask Hysteria, represented some of the best early hardcore.
The massive Strings Of Life sample ripping through Evapor8 may sound like it has slipped through Derrick May's famed litigious net (May is notorious for vetoing any attempts to sample or cover his famous track). But the reason it was let go may have something to do with the fact that Altern8's Neil Butler was the man responsible for bringing May's music (and Detroit techno in general) to the UK via his Network label in the late 80's.
Support comes from, among others, Bassbin's Criminal K who, not content with hogging the microphone all the time, has jostled himself this year to pole position in the Dublin old skool hardcore DJ stakes. Along with Droid, Slug and Cozzie, the K should provide us with an old-skool antidote to nights in the Red Box and Temple Theatre which have concentrated only on Sides and Olympic anthems and ignored the UK hardcore scene completely.

The boys from Altern8 take precautions against Sellafield going off

JAY DENHAM

SATURDAY 18 MAY
TBMC TBC

Unfortunately not erstwhile Dublin promoter Jason Denham chancing his arm on the ones and twos, but his namesake from Kalamazoo, Michigan who, upon realising how uncool this joint was, got the fuck out to nearby Detroit. There in the late 80s/early 90s he recorded for legendary electro-techno label 430 West, had a huge scrap with Derrick May and did some remix work for Kevin Saunderson before embarking in 1992 on a lifetime's work of fusing techno with black consciousness. The result was his label Black Nation which, although it has a roster of 14 other artists, is almost completely associated with the man himself. He spins top quality funky techno and has a penchant for third deck antics. Not bad for a chap who spent a decent chunk of his life working for Coca Cola.

FREQ NASTY

FRIDAY 24 MAY
RED BOX €14.90

Dreadlocked Kiwi Darrin McFadden is more or less at the top of the undistinguished heap of nu-skool break merchants, along with the scene's instigators Adam Freeland and Rennie Pilgrim. So far, nu-skool breaks has made a virtue of flushing all the fun and warmth out of its old man (big beat) and replacing it with muso wank production values and endless boredom. The Freq is hardly an exception to the rule, with the majority of his output as cold and joyless as necrophilia. His recent stuff, though, (especially Every Posse with Dee Kline) has had enough b-line swagger to blag its way into the sets of UK garage dons E-Z and Mark 'Ruff' Ryder. He plays out well, and, with his 1999 remix of Metisse's Sosume, he managed the unthinkable in making the Corkonian shite merchants sound listenable. Just about. Support from Y4K Breaks & Morgan

PAUL VAN DYK

SATURDAY 25 MAY
RED BOX €25

Paul the Prick gained most of his present day fans during the Gatecrasher Trance era of about three years ago, so you'd think that by now they would have copped the fuck on. Not so. Van Dyk is almost as popular with the cyberfreaks now as he was back then. While most DJs' styles change and evolve, Van Dyk's doesn't. Still banging out the same shite Eurotrance to pilled up kids, it's quite possible that he has been miming to the same DAT for the past three years. Expect to hear the godawful For An Angel for the millionth time plus a 'discerning' selection of every fucking track this cunt has ever made or remixed. Watch out for Van Dyk's patented 'imaginary keyboard playing' during the (numerous) breakdowns. Fuck off. Support from Robbie Butler

ANDY CATO (GROOVE ARMADA)

SATURDAY 25 MAY
TIVOLI €16.90

Was Groove Armada's Superstylin' the best record Leftfield never made? It was certainly a great example of the blast that Andy Cato and Tom Findlay can create on the dancefloor when they're arsed. Unfortunately, they're not arsed too often. It's hard to tell whether their frustrating level of bubbling-under success is by design - who wants to be as big as Fatboy, after all? - or just because they can't make up their minds what they want to be. Being genuinely talented enough to justify their annoying eclecticism doesn't help. But for this gig, Groove Armada are sure to be in full-on dirty house mode, which is exactly what they're best at. Recommended.

BK AND ANDY FARLEY

SATURDAY 25 MAY
TEMPLE THEATRE €18

A Nukleuz one-two punch from the Temple. Farley is one of the earliest hard house DJs and served his apprenticeship with the don himself, Tony de Vit, back in the 80s. This basically involved keeping the scene queens happy with dodgy hi-nrg while de Vit foisted Belgian nu-beat on the unenthusiastic punters. He teams up with one of the labels golden boys, BK, who hit the hard house scene hard earlier this year with his mighty track Domination. BK is also responsible for some of the more vicious remixes out there, so bring the foamies just in case.Support from Jay Pidgeon, Orbit, Ken Tobin

LOUIS OSBOURNE

SUNDAY 26 MAY
MONO €10

This dude is Ozzy Osbourne's son. Ozzy is playing Punchestown tonight. You wouldn't have to be Sherlock Holmes to assume that young Louis probably spends most of his time trekking around with the old man on tour, sticking it into any Ozzy groupies who

THE SCRUFF DIVER

Hands up if you're banging Madonna

MR. SCRUFF

SUNDAY 26 MAY
WHELANS €16
SUPPORT FROM STEVE SHANNON

Not a man to be impressed by music royalty, Mr. Scruff just shrugs at the news that Madonna has become a huge fan of his album, Keep It Unreal. No doubt in private, the poor man has woken up sweating many a night at the prospect of the desperate old boiler pursuing him and his production skills for another 'radical' new change of direction - in exchange for a good look at her tired and well-slapped arse.

Keeping it unreal is what Mancunian Andy Carthy's been all about since he started making his own pre-teen pretend radio shows and - de rigueur for any 30-something hip-hop nerd - using top end pause button technology to create primitive electro and rap megamixes. A career in music was inevitable and once he shook off the crap band phase he settled into a mid-90s recording career marked by its eccentricity.

Scruff's super-funky Chicken In A Box hit the trip-hop/downtempo scene at just the right moment in 1995 when ponderous Bristol/Mo' Wax wannabees were threatening to wreck it. He signed to Coldcut's Ninja Tunes (which he's been generally associated with) but has also recorded for the varied likes of Warp, Bristol's horizontal Cup Of Tea Records, and the twin towers of Manc chill culture, the Blood & Fire reggae label and Mark Rae's Grand Central Records.

The only gripe about Scruff might be the marathon length of his set (apparently he only takes booking which stipulate a mega-long set), but that apart, you can expect Mr. Scruff to deliver the downtempo booty with consummate style.

a total novelty gig. Louis - who is now a star in his own right thanks to MTV's the Osbourne's - is variously described as a progressive house, deep house and techno DJ, any of which will certainly piss off any Ozzy fans who show up out of interest. He is also reported to have held down a number of residencies in Ibiza and warmed up for both Josh Wink and Basement Jaxx. Go along for yourself and figure it out. Support from Patrick Dempsey, Nick Corrigan

MARK GREY

FRIDAY 31 MAY
TEMPLE THEATRE **E13**

OK, who the fuck is Mark Grey? Those unfamiliar with the over-populated world of hard house DJs and producers will be no wiser this month as the Temple's Friday night adds more and more dull, anonymous names to their hall of fame. For the record, Grey is part of the Sundissential mafia, releasing beefy, madlad tracks like the recent I've Got A Feeling for Sundissential records, while being one of the club's main residents and guesting at a bewildering array of other hard house nights. To the uninitiated, it's a case of different DJ, same shite. Support from Jay Pidgeon.

nixers.com

someday you're going to have to get a job

Regular Clubs

MONDAYS

EAMONN DORAN'S
C.R.A.P

Resident DJ Dirk Montage knocks out anything from rnb to indie. Doran's is particularly miserable on a Monday. Last review: January 2002

PEG'S
BOOZE-O-RAMA €9

They're still giving the booze away here - £1 each all night. Bar shuts at 1.30.

RIRA
STRICTLY HANDBAG €7

Excellent dance floor 80s and soul from Aiden Kelly and friends. The best night out on a Monday - although the competition is shit - with a good up-for-it crowd. Still recommended. Last review: October 2001

SWITCH
SLAM €7

DJ Karen and Rocky T Delgado lay on funky and progressive house at this underground gay club. Not life changing but one of the few half decent homo options on a Monday. Last review: February 2001.

TOMATO
TIGER €7/5

Chinese techno night with Derek Yoo - this must be a first. Caters almost exclusively for the oriental crowd. Made headlines last month when two lads took out 12" blades outside the place and stabbed each other.

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TUESDAYS

EAMONN DORAN'S
SHARPSHOOTER €8

Respectable attempt at a gay indie night, with all the classics being pumped out to a friendly enough crowd. Be warned though - booze is expensive in here. Last review: February 2001.

PEG'S
LOLLYPOP €8

Gay night with DJ Ross. That is all we can tell you cause the manager still won't let us in.

RIRA
BUMP 'N' HUSTLE €7/6

Fionn Davenport is the main resident and he's a good DJ, banging out hip-hop, rnb funk and soul - the usual Ri Ra's fare. No booze deal. Last reviewed July 2001.

SWITCH
DAMAGE €7

Joe McGrath and all the usual Irish techno guests lash out hard banging tunes. Numbers fluctuate, but catch it on the right night and it's rocking. Last review February 2001

TBMC
SALSA VILLA €8.50

Salsa lessons from Dr. Rhumba as he tries to make Irish people dance gracefully. Free access to club afterwards, but numbers tend to be low and it often ends early. Last review September 2001.

TIVOLI
GENIUS €6/5

After years of techno, Genius abandons musical credibility for the cheesy student market. House and big hits are what you can expect, and most of the original resident DJs have left in disgust. Buses leave town from Milano in Temple Bar at 11.30, 12.30 and 1.30, and just as well - it's a long way to Francis St on a Tuesday. Vodka €1.30, Redbull €1.30, bottle of champagne, strawberries and table service €20. Last review April 2002.

WAX
TRIGGER €7

House, soul, funk and beats from Anthony Mooney and Pat McMellow in John Reynold's exclusive club for wankers. The music isn't bad, but the crowd can fuck off. Vodka and Cranberry €20. Last review October 2001.

Fat Dave and the boys hung around outside the club, pulling punters aside and giving them 'chocolate fingers'.

W'NESDAYS

COYOTE
NOTORIOUS €7

Student night with resident DJs Sean Harley and Ivano Caffolla. More details next month.

EAMON DORAN'S
SNAKE EYES

Dodgy old skool dance tracks played to to a small crowd. Not very good.

THE GEORGE
SPACE 'N' VEDA €7 AFTER 10PM

Alternative performance follwed by rnb in Dublin's best known gay venue. Resident DJs are Veda Bons Reves, Dandelion and Rocky T Delgado.

MONO
BLISS €8/6

Cheesy but successful night for young students looking to drop the hand on each other. Birds free before midnight. All drinks €2. Last review Jan 2002.

PARNELL MOONEY
FIREHOUSE SKANK €6

Reggae and dub are what's on offer here and a loyal crowd go week after week. International guests drop in regularly, including The Love Grocer on May 1, The Disciples on May 15 and Manessa on May 22 One of Dublin's best clubs. Last review November 2001

POD
LOGIC €7

Now that Genius has sold out, this is the latest student techno night to step into the breech. Guests will include Ron's Mobile disco, Azreal, as well as some housier DJs in the form of Nick Corrigan and resident Scott McNaughton. All pints €1.90, 2 x Vodka and Sharks €6.50.

RIRA
TONGUE N GROOVE €7

Today FM's Donal Dineen lays on beats, inoffensive hip hop, funk and soul. Hit and miss, but great when it works. Last review October 2001

SWITCH
MIXIT €7

Tech and tribal house from Nova's Jay Cisco and pals. Numbers fluctuate. Regular guests include Mick Miller, Conor G and others. Won't blow you away, but respectable effort nonetheless. Vodka and energy drink €3. Last review Feb 2002.

TBMC
SOUL RIOT ☐6.50/4

Retro, funk and soul is what's on offer here in both rooms. Not very well suited to this large shoe-box like place, and when numbers are low there is no worse venue, save the Tivoli. Residents are Gerry Molumby, Brian Harrington and Dave Rice. Last review April 2002.

TEMPLE THEATRE
MISSING IN ACTION €8

Another night of low-grade chart music and young, wide-eyed students, but with the added bonus of Karlos playing rnb in the crypt. The young students like this imposing venue. Anyone looking for more 'serious' music would be advised to fuck off somewhere else. DJ Country Kev is the resident upstairs. Smirnoff Ice €3.50 per bottle, Boru Vodka and Red Bull €3.50 and MGD €3.50. Last review January 2002.

TOMATO
SPARK/ZODIAC LOUNGE €8/6

Live bands play in the back lounge, and it works very well - check it out if you like your indie. DJ Andy Colbert plays tunes afterwards. Corona €3, cocktails €2.50. Last review April 2002.

WAX
SURESHOT €7

DJs Graham and Darragh bang out 80s hits for stewdents. There are far worse options out there for the free-loading population. Last review January 2002.

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THURSDAYS

THE GEORGE
THE MISSING LINK €8 AFTER 10PM

Quiz with weekly prize of €250 followed by 'Songs from the Last Century. Hosted by Annie Balls and DJ stuart Jackson.

MONO
CUSHI TBC

Weekly drum 'n' bass night that features top class international guests every now and then - this month DJ Zinc will be dropping in. €3.50 per bottle Heineken or VK Ice.

PARNELL MOONEY
GZ €4/5

Metal and hardrock are laid on by the Ground Zero posse. Live bands and DJs feature, and while the venue is basic to say the least, it is not unsuited to this kind of thing. Doors 9pm. Last review October 2001.

RED BOX
REVOLVER €6.50

Cheap booze, cheesy music and reasonable numbers make John Reynold's effort to crack the student market a completely forgettable night. Al Gibbs is resident. 2V+1RB =€6.50. All Other drinks €1.90. Ladies free before 12. Last review November 2001

RIRA
FUNK OFF €8/7

Same old Rira fare - innoffensive rap music and funk for the Rira restaurant-worker crowd to shake their bits to. Resident DJ: Aran McMahon.

SWITCH
PURE €8/7

Bubbles is the man in control, and in contrast to Oddyssey in the Pod on Sundays, or Pure at the Tivoli on Fridays, he keeps it very housey here. Good, funky house and tech house are the order of the day, and it works very well, even if numbers haven't been great. Warsteiner €3. Last review March 2002.

TBMC
SCREAMADELICA €6.50/5.50

A bit hit and miss in terms of numbers, but definitely a good option for indie lovers on a Thursday. Eamon Sweeney and various members of the Dublin indie scene air their record collections. Last review November 2001.

TOMATO
QUEEN €8

New Gay house night with Ben Carvosso and Tony Pugh. Cocktails,Coron are €3.

WAX
SOUL PATROL €7

Good deep house with residents Padraig Disconaut, Nello Romano, Billy Scurry and friends. They have had some cancellations lately - Ron Trent and Kenny Hawkes, but it is still worth checking out. Last review November 2001.

>>> NEW REVIEW

VIBE
POD €8/6 - LADIES FREE BEFORE MIDNIGHT

Frank Jez and friends continue to lay on big r'n'b tunes to women with very little clothes on and men trying to score them at the Pod's Thursday night session. Jez is the main resident and his technical skills are pretty flashy. While his scratching sometimes gets a bit intrusive, unlike many Irish hip hop DJs he remembers to play decent tunes as well, so the dancefloor is generally full. Aside from r'n'b and hip hop, there is often a decent dose of garage played, although this sometimes confuses people. All in all though, a good night if a decent crowd shows up which is most of the time. ***MGD 2.50 all night. Residents Frank Jez, Wez, Mel O.D.***

FRIDAYS

GAIETY
SALSA PALACE €12

Live Salsa bands, some ok DJs and films being shown on a large screen. The crowd are generally a bit on the older side.

LOBO
ULTRA LOUNGE €10

As you might expect, there's some terrible carry-on taking place downstairs in the Morrison of a Friday - wishy-washy jazzy music, pretentious crowds and frighteningly expensive booze prices make this a no-go for anybody who isn't a prick. Last review April 2002.

MONO
MOTION €VARIES

The foreign guests tend to be of excellent quality, and at the moment this night is leaning towards tech-house, with Soma artists appearing very regularly. However, on residents only nights it can be quite empty. Check once offs for details.

MONO BAR
CHOICE CUTS €5 AFTER 11PM

Good scratch hip hop night in a decent setting. DJs Splyce, Mayhem, Tu Ki, Arvo and Scope can all be found there regularly. Recommended. Watch out for Wiggaz. Warsteiner 500ml €3.50. Last review March 2002.

POD
HAM €10/8

Dublin's best gay night with a large crew of regulars from the makers of Powder Bubble and Horny Organ Tribe. Shay Hannon, Hugh Scully and Tonie Walsh play upbeat, funky house. Good stuff. Last review January 2002

RED BOX
DEVOTION €9.50/7

This tech house and techno club happens intermittently in between big name acts touching down here on a Friday. Francois is the resident, and the likes of Giles Armstrong, Chris Rooney, Ron's Mobile Disco and the Redsettaz play too. Numbers haven't been great. Last review April 2002.

RIRA
RINKA €9

Five different DJs on rotation supply the same Rira's music - funk, hip hop, sould etc. A slightly more dressed up crowd is found here on Fridays.

SHOOTERS
OBSESSION €10

Gar Skelly and Paul Coady plus special guests play retro tunes in this shitty, sportsbar like venue

SWITCH
FOOD €9

Good varied breakbeat night with Simon F and guests. A wide range of people play in the upstairs bar, including Splyce and Mayhem. Well worth checking out. Goes on nice and late too. Last reviewed January 2002.

TEMPLE THEATRE
RHYTHM CORPORATION & EUPHORIA €13/9

Dublin's leading rnb session. They bring over top Brit DJs every week (Dodge, Keith Lawrence, occasionally Trevor Nelson), lay on podium dancers and fill the place with a crowd of extra-jiggy party-goers. Hard house from Jay Pidgeon and Orbit plus guests down in the Crypt. Last reviewed July 2001

TOMATO
VARIES

Various promoters play here - more details next month when things settle down a bit.

SUPREME
ISAAC BUTT €5

If repetitive beats make you want to slit your gut, then Supreme is the night for you - as long as you don't mind roughing it on the dancefloor with a load of beer-swilling teenagers. The DJs - Hot Press hack Stuart Clarke and John Colbert - keep things fairly simple, plying their drunken audience with the party tunes they clearly want. Neither of them bothers mixing the tracks, but Colbert, in particular, has a good knack for playing songs in the right order. Last month, he took it through Stevie Wonder, The Jacksons, The Clash and the Stone Roses without any of it seeming remotely out of place. The dancefloor is en route from the bar to the jacks, so you will occasionally be brushed aside by bouncers dashing through to heroically eject someone who is trying to roll a joint or piss on their mates.

Club gossip

Last month's Kerri Chandler gig in Spy on South William St was apparently one of the better deep house shows Dublin has witnessed in quite a while, but one person who didn't quite have the time of his life was **Killian Murphy, of Big Brother Records** on Fade St. The bolshy shop owner became embroiled in a row with a bouncer over an accidentally smashed glass. Things got heated between the two, and as the bouncer attempted to physically remove Murhpy from John Reynold's snooty pose joint, the punches began to fly. Having landed a right which he claims broke the bouncer's nose, Murphy was eventually taken outside and battered about the place by three of the house bouncers before being arrested by the police, to his absolute dismay and disgust. He was released later by the cops without charge. Needless to say, John Reynolds will not be very welcome in Big Brother Records for the next little while . . .

Anthony Mooney: Elite

Speaking of that Kerri Chandler gig, it seems that Anthony Mooney, **booking manager for Spy, was anxious that tickets for the New York house DJ would not fall into 'the wrong hands'. In order to ensure that only the Dublin deep-house elite and those cool enough to get into Spy got tickets, they were on sale in very limited quantities to the general public.**

Power FM's flashy new website has finally been relaunched, with music being available twenty four hours a day via their online stream. Interestingly, the station has also made a very low-key reappearance at 97.8fm, and sources from within the station have distanced themselves from this reappearance on the airwaves.

Having made a rather premature departure from the Tivoli - after only two weeks - Tonie Walsh **and the Foot Fetish crew are set to relaunch their night in the more accomodating surroundings of Switch on Eustace St. The night will launch on May 19 and will be weekly after that. With live drummers and dancers on site, they'll be hoping to get numbers back up to what they were during the glory days of Central.**

Brian Spollen, one of the most disliked people on the dance music scene, has left music promoters MCD after eight years. His main responsibility was for booking DJs to play the Ambassador. The O'Connell St venue was an unmitigated disaster, though, with tiny amounts of clubbers turning up to see huge acts like Slam. MCD decided there wasn't enough money in dance music gigs, pulled the plug on them, and consequently Spollen walked the plank. He's now up in Spirit on Abbey St. (See p.6 for more)

SATURDAYS

GAIETY
SOUL STAGE €12

A wide selection of jazz, cabaret and soul means that you get your money's worth entertainment-wise and the bar is open until almost 4am. Still has a slightly damp atmosphere, though.

ISAAC BUTT
CHEESEY SINGLES €6

Indie disco with DJ Andy Colbert.

MONO
FUNFUNKFUNKY €13/10

This stupid name has been applied to what seems to be the same night that was always running here. It used to be called Rotate and you'll find Paddy Sheridan and Raymond Franklyn playing prog house.

POD
MODERNISM €13/10

Robbie Butler and Davy K play funky and proggy house and a fairly glam crew get well into it.

RED BOX
RED €VARIES

A random enough selection of international big name DJs play the Red Box on a Saturday. See once-offs for more info.

RIRA
FRISKY DISCO €10

Pretty much the same old Ri Ra except with a housier edge downstairs. The Dame Court venue is always a good option. Last review April 2002.

SHOOTERS
MUVE VARIES

Trance night in a large but crappy venue. You'd be better off in the Temple Theatre. Last review February 2002.

SWITCH
FUNKD'UP €13/11

Impulsive records are in charge here, and while sometimes the techno can get a bit monotonous, good guests often pop down such as the excellent Phil Kieran. Last review March 2002

SHELTER
ROTATING PROMOTERS

Check once off listings for details.

TEMPLE THEATRE
SP@CE €18

The biggest names in international hard house and trance send the young maddoutofit crowd nuts. Jay Pidgeon, Ken Tobin and DJ Orbit are the residents.

TOMATO
HI TECH FUNK

A quality night and one that should get better and better.

The main room sees the No-Fun D1 crew lay on top class Detroit techno and electro, and the back room hosts an rnb session with Dave Cleary and Aoife Nic Canna. Well recommended.

VOODOO
PLAYAZ BALL FREE B4 10PM/€

Rnb in this badly located super pub.

WAX
REVISION €1

Avoid places like this on a Saturday night, they're invariably filled with wankers. You must be dressed like a cunt to get in. Despicable stuff.

WRITERS WANTED
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Switch
23, Eustace St, Temple Bar

Mondays . . . Slam
Gay night with DJ Karen

Tuesdays . . . Damage
Techno with Joe McGrath

Wednesdays . . . Mixit
Tech-house with Jay Cisco

Thursdays . . . Pure
House with Bubbles

Fridays . . . F.O.O.D
Breaks with Simon F

Saturdays . . . Funk'd Up
Techno with Impulsive Records

Sundays . . . Foot Fetish
House & live drummers with Tonie Walsh & friends

mezzanine

Also: DJs 7 nights a week upstairs in Mezzanine Bar

SUNDAYS

COYOTE
FRESH 'N' FUNKY FREE B4 12 WITH CONC, €8 AFTER

Stomping rnb session here with Cork's Stevie G and the regrettable Tony Dixon as residents. International guests such as Shortee Blitz have appeared in the past.

EAMON DORAN'S
MELTING POT €6

Pretty lame hip hop night with one good DJ, Splyce. Numbers tend to be very sparse. Last review December 2002

FIREWORKS
HEAT FUNK

House and dance in this piss-hole. Details next month.

THE GEORGE
SHIRLEY'S BINGO SUNDAY

Long-running cult variety show with a faithful following. Hosted by Shirly Temple Bar and followed by DJ Fluffy. Well worth checking out

INTERNATIONAL
LAZYBIRD €4

Excellent indie which sees both live and DJ performances. Recent guests have included Donnacha Costello and Jimmy Behan. Can get a bit chin-strokey at times, but is still a great place to go drinking in if you fancy something a little bit more relaxed. Last reviewed January 2001

MONO
MESSY

Patrick Dempsey and Nick Corrigan have made this an all day session after moving their pre-club booze up from the Thomas House. Loads of DJs play all shades of house throughout the day. Last review March 2002

ODDYSSEY
POD €9

DJ Bubbles switches from house early on to a more full-on approach which keeps the Sunday night maniacs happy. Too cheesy for many, but the crowd are up for it and this is easily the most popular night on a Sunday.

SWITCH
FOOT FETISH

After Sundays here had died a complete death, Tony Walsh and the Foot Fetish gang are taking over for what could be a cracking session. Proper review next month.

WAX
HILTON EDWARDS

Very sceney gay deep house night with Martin McCann and Mark Dixon on the decks. Numbers are good, but straights have reportedly been having trouble getting in.

Decal - Residents in Bodkins on Fridays

DJ BARS

MONDAYS
4 Dame Lane - *Music Matters (Rory Jones & MC Phil West)*
Handel's - Open Deck
Mono - *Tony Dixon (rnb)*
Thomas House - *Vibrator*

TUESDAYS
Handel's - Joy *Soul Sister (classic jazz funk)*
Modern Green Bar - Lektricks *with Jimmy Behan & Brian Bradley*
Mono - *Mike McCoy (chart/rnb)*
Thomas House - Home Brew
Gubu - *Jazz and Funk bands*

WEDNESDAYS
Handel's - *Ollie Moore (breaks, beats, reggae and electro)*
Modern Green Bar - Freestyle *(latin/funk)*
Thomas House - Dub Factor *Greg (Ska, Roots, Rhythm)*
Viva - Sound Factory (ground floor) *Eddie Lennon*
Gubu - G Spot *with Busty (variety show open mike)*

THURSDAY
4 Dame Lane - *Hiphopalicious (hip hop, breaks, beats, rnb)*
GUBU - *DJ Daniel - mixed bag*
Handel's - *Rocky T. Delgado (electro)*
Hogan's - *Jason O'Callaghan (Soul, Funk and Grooves)*
Life Bar - *Al Redmonds*
Modern Green Bar - *DJ Scope (hip hop)*
Mono - Fresh Vinyl Attack *DJ Ilk (eclectic)*
Thomas House - Fatty Fatty. X-ray Specs, Hidden Fortress
Viva - Retrospect *Mark Kelly (indie)*
Pravda - *Zoe S.*
Searson's - *Eamon Barrett*
Viva - *Retrospect, Mark Kelly (Indie)*

FRIDAY
Bodkins - Bleep *Decal and guests (Electronica)*
4 Dame Lane - *Aidan Kelly & Jonathon Lynn (funky house and disco)*
GUBU - Kajagubu *Mark Kelly (80s night)*
Handel's - Rocky's Revenge (7.30-9.30) *Rocky T Delgado Star DJ 9.30-close (mixed bag)*
Hogan's - *Mr Moto & Nello Romano (deep house)*
Life Bar - *Tiny Tim (commercial house)*
Modern Green Bar - *Fionn Davenport (funk/disco/hip hop)*
Pravda - *Terry C and Wayne B*
Searson's - *Terry C and Wayne B*
Thomas House - Savage Banter *Leagues and guests (Indie)*
Viva - *Paul Webb & guests*

SATURDAYS
Handel's - *DJs Dara & Kevin (hip hop, jazz, funk)*
4 Dame Lane -*Fhadd Junior (down) DJ Mikee (Up) Hip hop, breaks, cheese*
GUBU - *DJ Conor Irwin - dance funk DJ Richard - dance funk*
Hogan's - *Eddie Eustace/ Dan O'Keefe JazzyBeats*
Life Bar- *Hugo Bass*
Modern Green Bar - Varies
Mono - *Ronan O (funky house) 5e*
Pravda - *Eamon Barret (indie)*
Searson's - *Terry C*
Thomas House - Monkey Tennis *Tom Rixton and Scott* alternates with Thomas the Skank Engine *David Kitt*
Viva - *Paul Webb & guests*

SUNDAYS
4 Dame Lane - *The Workers Party with Aiden Kelly Dandelion Sergeant & DJ Mikee (funky house and disco)*
GUBU - *Jazz Action Live jazz band from 5-7*
Hogan's - *Sundazed -featuring Mr Moto, Color, Eddie Eustace and Nello Romano,*
Handel's - *Diners' Club (technological music) 6pm-9pm; Casa Grande & Co. (Deep Grooves, Soul, Funk.) 9pm - midnight*
Mono - Love to Lounge *Ronan O (Chilled out House and mb)*
Thomas House - *Chicks on decks*
Viva - *Tom Rixton & Quilli*

GLOBAL FUNK ORCHESTRA

FRI 3, 17 & 24 MAY
OLYMPIA €11

This rather naff acid jazz outfit have been plugging away for years on the local live scene in some shape or form, and while you can't fault their musicianship, a little imagination would do them a lot of good. While bands such as the Poets of Rhythm update the funk sound of the 60s and 70s with enough inventiveness to make it interesting, the GFO sound mostly like a jaded version of Corduroy. Their recent single, a cover of Woods/Womak's 'Love isn't really my game' was weaker than a budgie's fart, and was only saved by a respectable remix courtesy of Mooks Music. Live, they're tight enough, with three good female singers, but don't expect to be blown away.

BILLY BRAGG AND THE BLOKES

FRI 3 MAY 8.30 PM
VICAR ST €21

Forget Louis Walsh. Forget Pop Idol. Forget F.M. Radio. Music's true nemesis is sincerity. Hijacking a cause for one's own selfish gain is one thing. Passionately believing in it to the point where it matches or overrides the will to entertain is quite another. Billy Bragg's sincerity is so tangible it is listed separately on the electoral register. Throughout his long career the veteran singer's sharp and witty observations on love and relationships have always taken a back seat to his relentless socialist proselytising. The Grammy-nominated Mermaid Avenues (in which he set old unrecorded Woody Guthrie lyrics to music) was an interesting digression. On new album England, Half English, though, he's back to his old ways. If the nursery-rhyme title track sounds like a joke you haven't heard Take Down The Union Jack - a state of the nation rant so mind numbingly boring its hard to believe its actually a song and not one of his Trotskyite pamphlets.

NO REST ON THE SABBATH

THE SABBATH

THE JIMMY CAKE/THE REDNECK MANIFESTO/ THE DUDLEY CORPORATION/THE CONNECTFOUR ORCHESTRA/LARGE MOUND/GOODTIME JOHN/PAUL O'REILLY/NPB/ SOMADRONE/RICHIE EGAN/SETTLER
SUN 5 MAY 2PM-2AM
WHELANS €10

THIS ALL-DAY mini festival was organised partly in response to the over-hyped, over blown and largely shit Heineken Green Energy Festival, partly as an excuse to get a bunch of like-thinking bands together under the one roof for a big piss-up, and also for the benefit of the Dublin Rape Crisis Centre. You can expect very little in the way of the singer-songwriter crap that is so common in Dublin - instead, most of these bands adopt a quite progressive approach to music, with neither of the two headlining bands having singers. Ones to watch out for on the night include The Jimmy Cake, whose debut album sold out in Ireland, the energetic Redneck Manifesto and the excellent Large Mound, whose recent Raised on Rock album is fucking deadly. There is a DJ set afterwards from the Savage Banter gang who do Fridays in the Thomas House. All in all, an excellent way to spend your Sunday and well worth the money.

THE SOUNDTRACK OF OUR LIVES

SUPP: WOODSTAR
FRI 3 MAY
TBMC €14.50

The cumbersomely titled Soundtrack Of Our Lives are the latest Swedish band to amuse us with their funny accents and skewed grasp of the English language. Actually, it turns out that the band have been going for donkey's years and, before that, most of them were in an MC5/Stooge-influenced punk outfit. Nowadays SOOL have left behind noisy thrash and moved down a more melodic and poppy road with a hint of psychedelia and space rock. Something for everyone, basically, which explains their much higher profile. They are meant to be great live, with singer Ebbot Lundberg (a chubby bearded chap in a kaftan) jumping around and generally giving it loads.

EVAN DANDO

SAT 4 MAY
OLYMPIA €20.50 - €22.50

May has been officially designated Washed-Up Grunge-Rockers Month in Dublin. So here to fill Heineken's Midnight At The Olympia slot is ex-Lemonhead Evan Dando. The posterboy of the early-90s alternative scene, Dando briefly hit the big time with his whimsical brand of country-rock. Unfortunately, instead of staying there, he opted to acquire and consume pretty much all the crack he could get his hands on. Which is a shame as he is certainly a talented songwriter. The faithful won't be disappointed by a set which should feature plenty of old Lemonheads favourites and cover versions, but the degree of getting-his-shit-together required to win over new fans still seems beyond him.

HIGH AND MIGHTY

SAT 4 MAY 7.30PM
POD €12

DJ Mighty Mi and Mr. Eon are two ageing b-boys from Philadelphia. As The High and Mighty, they make up yet another present-day hip-hop group that prefers to retrace the funk-filled rhythms of the old school. The lads' debut album, Home Field Advantage, was dotted with classic references and interspersed with comical odes to baseball. A new 10-track EP on their own label, Air Force One, continues in the same vein, but highlights the limitations of what the duo has to offer. Mi's bass-heavy production is solid but lacks variety, while the humour of Eon's lyrics has a shelf-life. Their hip-thrusting beats and lewd antics should, however, flesh out a decent show.

STEVE TURRE QUARTET

5TH MAY 2002 8PM
VICAR ST € 14.00/€23.00

Steve Turre is regularly declared the best trombonist in the world by readers' polls in jazz bibles like DownBeat and Jazz Times. Having said that, the trombone has been described as "the sound of a fat man running uphill" so it's possibly not that hard to rise above the general malaise and elicit a bit more of the instrument's jazz potential. Turre's main influence is the late JJ Johnson, who he described as doing for the trombone what John Coltrane did for the saxophone. For this gig, Turre will be joined by Ronnie Mathews on piano, Buster Williams on bass and Dion Parson on drums.

WHITE STRIPES

SUN 5 MAY
AMBASSADOR €25

The White Stripes approach to playing the blues - one guitar, one drumkit - is as refreshingly simple as their approach to deciding what to wear - red or white, red or white. It is no coincidence that Jason Pierce namechecked their latest (third) album, White Blood Cells, in the same interview he announced the sacking of the horn section from Spiritualized's European tour. The delivery is raw but, like all the best punk, there lurks behind it a Beatles-loving pop sensibility (check out the fantastic Fell In Love With A Girl.) Jack White's lyrics are equally direct. On I Think I Smell A Rat he manages to warn kids against "treating your mother and your father like a welcome mat" (amongst other things) without sounding like Detroit's answer to Cliff Richard. With a bevy of their Motor City peers in toe, the White Stripes are quite a coup for the Green Energy Festival. In fact, Richie Hawtin aside, they're probably the only thing worth going to see at it.

MUSE & THE HIVES

SUPP: THE REVS
SUN 5 MAY
DUBLIN CASTLE €25

How considerate of Heineken to put probably the three worst bands of the entire 'festival' on one easily avoidable Sunday night bill. If Muse are a Radiohead tribute band though, then support act The Hives are one step lower on the musical food chain - a retro-pastiche novelty act as irritating as their name suggests. Their label boss and repeat offender, Alan McGee, may think these boys are his Get Out Of Jail Free card, but he has another thing coming. The Revs meanwhile are creating quite a splash in the Irish music scene at the moment. And that frankly says more about the Irish music scene than anything else.

JACK L

SUN 5, SUN 19, SUN 26 MAY
THE GATE THEATRE €25.70

Jack Lukeman is a fat bastard with big ambitions. Influenced by Jacques Brel and Scott Walker and possessing the onstage flamboyance of a pie-eating Morrissey, his records sound not unlike the Divine Comedy (circa. A Short Album...) But it his voice which transforms him Cinderella-like from typical Midlands halfwit to Mid-Atlantic baroque idol as quickly as it takes to say "Thankyouveramuch". Certainly the success of Metropolitan Blue indicates that he has Ireland conquered. So where next for Mr. L? His sights are set on Vegas but we reckon he might be just the man to restore our Eurovision pre-eminence. Failing that there's always weddings.

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HERE COME THE GARAGE SAVAGES

SO SOLID CREW

FRI 10 MAY 9PM
RED BOX €22

Da So Solid Bitchez

ALL 168 MEMBERS of the media friendly UK garage collective arrive at the Red Box - looking for trouble after being refused a slot at this year's Trinity Ball. Aside from forefront member Asher D's recent imprisonment, concern for public safety was cited as the official reason for the Ball ban on the group, in line with many recent UK gigs and festivals.

This would be understandable in the UK, where So Solid's entire fanbase is made up of rowdy, testosterone-addled youths and their mouthy birds, but given the kind of fan they are likely to attract in Dublin, what exactly were the Trinners committee afraid of? An urbane scrap breaking out among a few middle-class drum n bass anoraks over the precise chronology of Renegade Hardware catalogue numbers?

So Solid have skipped the queue of UK garage and rap hopefuls to become the official MTV-approved face of British urban youth, because, like Eminem, they're incredibly easy to sell to teenagers. After all, the majority of UK garage producers are ugly balding cunts in their mid-thirties who would probably make the average teenager vomit. To be fair to the So Solid MC's in particular they've come a long way since the days when the entire crew lasted 20 minutes at garage hotspot Bagleys, before they were removed from the stage for being monumentally shit.

The UK garage community more or less turned their backs on them after Oxide and Neutrino's Casualty split the scene, and So Solid's debut Dilemma broke with the garage template entirely - it's considered kids-stuff in the UK. But kids have pocket money... Support comes from painfully bad rapper Lisa D and her Dub-a-linn brogue, Vibe resident Melo-D and clubbing.com's garage scrawler SpeakerTreatz.

THE FRAMES PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS

MON 6 MAY
DUBLIN CASTLE X25.00

Week in, week out the cream of the domestic scene play in front of thousands of appreciative fans and yet receive only a fraction of the attention afforded to their bigger overseas rivals. The Eircom League Of Ireland is indeed a thankless and unglamorous business. But one thing Shelbourne and St. Pat's don't have to worry about is the likes of Real Madrid or Man Utd. coming over to play down the road in the Point. Monday's headliners The Frames are pretty much the dons of the local music scene now, having been around for years and scored some actual hit singles including Revelate in 1996. The support acts are mostly other current flavours of the month - Damien Rice, his ex-Juniper bandmates BellX1 and maverick Offallyman Mundy. If any of them were offering a uniquely Irish take on guitar music it would be one thing. But by taking on (even Second Division) international competition at their own game these lads are on a hiding to nothing.

NATALIE MERCHANT

THRS 9 MAY
OLYMPIA €33.70 - €36.20

Natalie Merchant joined 10,000 Maniacs when she was just 17. A lot of their early songs supposedly originated from journals and poetry that Merchant wrote as a teenager. Sounds awful, yes, but Merchant helped the band rise from the college rock scene in the 80s to semi-stardom in the 90s. She left 10,000 Maniacs in 1993 and went solo, releasing a debut album, Tigerlily, in 1995. Since then, Merchant has toured and recorded more albums, the latest being Motherland. According to the woman herself, children love her voice and lots of under-12s go to her concerts. What exactly the consequences of this are remain to be seen. All that shite aside, Natalie Merchant has a seriously good voice and is worth checking out.

LAMB SPRINGS ETERNAL

LAMBCHOP

THURSDAY 16 MAY
OLYMPIA €28/€30/€28

IF MERGE Records claim that Lambchop are "Nashville's most fucked-up country band" were ever true it has long since ceased to be the case. Well, the "country" part at least. By ultra-conservative Nashville standards though the "fucked-up" part is something of an understatement. Formed in 1986, this consistently brilliant and surprising band's early singles included Soaky In The Pooper (about taking acid in your bathroom) and the self-explanatory I'm Fucking Your Daughter.

But even if Merge's publicity department had managed to invent a genre that encompassed country, soul, avant-garde and gospel, the release this year of Lambchop's sixth album Is A Woman demonstrates that the band have already transcended such categorisation. As Kurt Wagner's lyrics reveal a man comfortably settling into middle age, the music is the realisation and refinement of the unique sound he has striven for over the last decade and a half. The songs shift seamlessly into one another, with Wagner switching from baritone, to falsetto to almost spoken-word narration of tales of domestic bliss. Yet as one reviewer noted he makes he makes "contentment sound compelling and oddly radical."

It's not a record that will set the charts ablaze unfortunately (seeing as Wagner only recently quit his day job as a floor layer.) If that were ever going to happen it would have been with Up With People, the first single off 2000's pretend-concept album Nixon. On first listen Up With People sounds like nothing you've ever heard before. The inevitably immediate second-listen reveals it to be glorious and life-affirming - in four minutes it makes a lifetime of listening to obscure bands with weird names thoroughly worthwhile.

How many of these fuckers are there?

WILCO

THRS 9 MAY
AMBASSADOR €22.55 - €24.55

Unless our Marketing Department blew their budget on Dutch Gold again, and underestimated your average age by about two decades (and 2 inches on the quiff), it is a safe bet that not many readers of The Slate are big alt.country fans. Which is a pity because, aside from its off-the-beaten-path charm, the scene consistently produced the most exciting and innovative music from the US rock underground during the 1990s. Indeed it is an indication of the success of the concept that Wilco, like most of its stalwarts, are now denying they are or ever were alt.country. Their latest album, the Jim O'Rourke-produced Yankee Hotel Foxtrott is their fourth excellent effort since 1995.

RODRIGO Y GABRIELA

10TH MAY 8.30PM
VICAR ST €16.00

Over the last few years, Rodrigo y Gabriela have developed a huge local following, justifiably becoming one of Dublin's biggest cult bands. Combining the folk of their Mexican homeland with post-rock, jazz, heavy metal, prog-rock and even hints of techno, the two guitarists put on one hell of a live show which usually ends with both covered completely in sweat. Support on the night comes from Kila's Ronan O Snodaigh, whose solo shows are also big sweat events, but are characterised by wretched singing and lyrics so derivative of Cat Stevens that he deserves to be put under a fatwah himself. Skip him and go right to the headliners.

ASLAN

FRI 10, SAT 11, SUN 12 MAY
OLYMPIA €20.55-€24.55

In a perfect world, the only chance that members of Aslan would have to address crowds of drunken revellers would be to inquire, come closing time, whether they had any homes to go to. We say this because they're from Finglas and they've never made it internationally... Yeah right! We say this because they are a piss-poor, fourth-rate pub-rock act whose phenomenal domestic success is a pretty damning indictment of the Irish record-buying public. Yes, they've endured a lot of shit but how they came through it and still managed to produce such inane bollocks is beyond us. Christy Dignam, who beat heroin for fuck's sake, offers us nothing but a crappy, barefooted Jesus-complex and lyrics that would make Jon Bon Jovi blush.

The Sun Ra's getting jiggy wit it

SUN RA ARKESTRA

SUPP: THE JIMMY CAKE
UN 12 MAY 7.30PM
REDBOX €19.50

Imagine a truckload of fifty-somethings resplendent in funny hats and sequined capes poncing about on stage. Add to that a whirlpool of noise that sounds like it could have been beamed in directly from outer space. No, it's not the Martian production of La Cage aux Folles, it's the Sun Ra Arkestra. Since their namesake upped and left for Saturn in 1993, the Arkestra has been travelling the spaceways under the direction of Marshall Allen. Fortunately, their mixture of avant-garde and free jazz remains largely unchanged. Last year's sold-out show drew rave reviews, and this one is likely to be just as brilliant. Support comes from the nearly-as-numerous and only slightly less cacophonous Jimmy Cake.

GIANT SAND

TUE 14 MAY
VICAR ST €25

With 20 albums under his belt Giant Sand's Howe Gelb has long since accepted his status as an influential but commercially unsuccessful artist. Based in the desert outside Tucson, Arizona (making his band's name about as imaginative as a Limerick act calling themselves Giant Shithole) he cuts and pastes home recordings to create heartrenderingly intimate albums, often the equal of the Flaming Lips or Mercury Rev's best work. And this talent hasn't gone unnoticed. Sparklehorse, Lambchop, Evan Dando and a stetsoned PJ Harvey were among those who paid tribute to him at the Beyond Nashville festival in London last year. Harvey turns up again on Giant Sand's latest album The Cover Magazine, adding some star power to to their fine American indie.

MARK B

SUPP: EXILE EYE
SAT 18 MAY 11PM
THE SHELTER €14.00

The good news first and then the bad: Blade isn't going to be here - but Mark B is. Together, this duo have been responsible for some much-hyped and completely overrated UK hip hop during the last year, and typify everything that is wrong about the scene over there. Mark B is an expert at crafting plodding, dull loops and beats, and his rapping side-kick just can't get over the (supposed) fact that everybody won't give him props as a rapper because he's English. As you can imagine, listening to an album made by the pair of them isn't much fun. You can't doubt their passion though, and with a hype-man in tow, this could be quite a good, if musically unexciting gig.

HOLIDAYS IN THE SUN PUNK FESTIVAL

FRI 19-SUN 16 MAY
VICAR ST ☐26.00

Vicar Street is the new Belsen as Holidays In The Sun - a homage to elderly punks - hits town this month. It is the 25th Anniversary of punk so it may seem fitting to be celebrating the surprisingly large number of original bands who've survived a quarter century of obscurity. But this punk-wars nostalgia roadshow definitely seems to go against the original point of the movement a bit. And while punk was entertaining, even liberating, what did these latter day Uncle Albert's actually achieve? A few indie labels and the rudimentary basis of much 1990s American guitar pop/fluff. Not quite on a par with defeating Nazism, is it? Thirty bands in all will appear including Blood Or Whiskey, a local outfit guilty of every crime the Pogues were ever falsely accused of.

ENRIQUE IGLESIAS

MON 20 MAY
RDS €45

Traditionally Americans have been very reluctant to embrace Hispanic culture. So reluctant in fact that, to this day, they equip thousands of Federal Marshals with rifles and infra-red night goggles to make sure the fuckers stay south of the border. A couple of years ago however, some demographers decided that so many Spanish speakers had already made it into the country it was high time they had their culture bastardised, plastered with logos and sold back to them like everyone else's. If Ricky Martin is the Taco Bell of pop then Spanish-born Enrique Inglesias is the McDonalds Salsa Burger. In fact his US tour was sponsored by the fast food giants - a first for the fast food industry. His music meanwhile is so saccharine sweet we hope his teeth fall out.

JIMMY EAT WORLD

THRS 23 MAY
AMBASSADOR €20 - €21

The Jimmys - or JEW, whichever you find the more sinister - are leading lights of Emo, an emerging musical scene so contrived its embarrassing even to have heard of it. Its basically nu-metal for wusses so it is obviously a little bit more complicated than actual nu-metal (another marketing ploy so obvious it grates to type the words.) The gluttonous Arizona natives had certainly paid their dues with five years of record company shit before the success of their eponymous third album (originally titled Bleed America) brought them this modest vindication. They're not totally crap, as such, but with lines like "We once walked out on the beach / And once I nearly touched your hand" they really have no one but themselves to blame when their lunch money gets stolen.

Write for the gigs section of the Slate
Email gigs@theslate.ie

JOSH RITTER
THRS 23-FRI 24 MAY
WHELANS €11

Idaho born Josh Ritter was a big hit the last time he toured Ireland, and the singer/songwriter would appear to have amassed a substantial following here in recent times. In amongst his supporters is crazy Sunday World columnist, Paddy Murray, who recently wrote an article ranting and raving about how great Ritter is. The prevailing wisdom is that the Ritter modern country ballad sound draws on influences like Bob Dylan, Leonard Cohen and Townes Van Zandt. He's back in Ireland to promote his recently released second album, Golden Age of Radio and, with his Me and Jiggs single flying off the shelves, tickets are sure to sell out fast. Support comes from Boston singer/songwriter, Jess Klein.

OZZFEST 2002 - OZZY OSBOURNE, TOOL, SYSTEM OF A DOWN, SLAYER, LOSTPROPHETS, AND THERAPY?
SUN 26 MAY
PUNCHESTOWN RACECOURSE €59.50

Ozzy Osbourne (right) is the slightly rotund, vacant-eyed former frontgeezer of Black Sabbath, one of the best metal bands to have existed. He is also possibly one of the maddest bastards ever to wear black eye-liner - he bit the head off a live bat on stage and at one point, in the middle of an outrageous bender, he tried to strangle his wife to death. He survived all that (his wife and he are still together and appear on an MTV show called the Osbournes) and is now leading this Ozzfest yoke around the world. If you're into metal, then this will probably have you in paradise - seeing one of the genre's forefathers playing on the same bill as some more modern day big names will mean you need no convincing. For the uninitiated: Tool are a good, inventive if slightly morbid band and Slayer have one of the biggest dickheads in the world for a lead singer. Of the post September 11 US attacks he said - "we didn't start this war but we're sure as hell going to finish it."

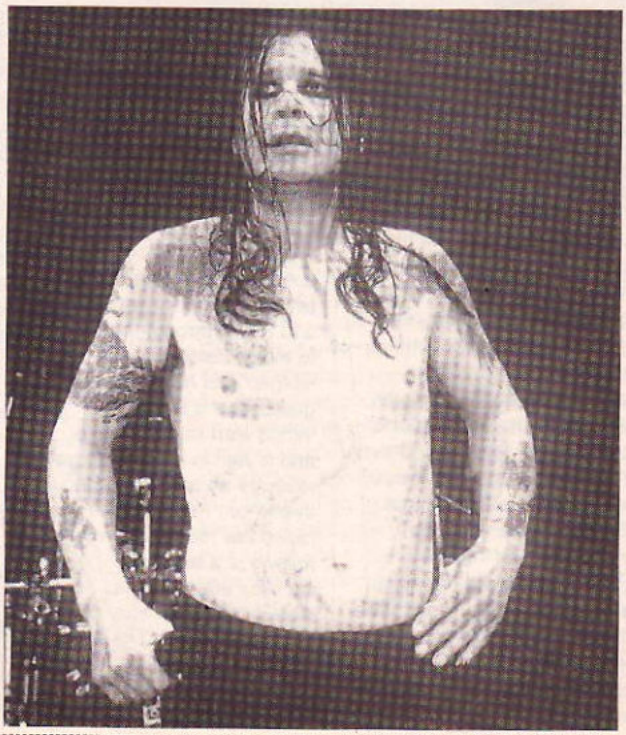
THE BREEDERS
SUN 26 MAY
AMBASSADOR €TBC

Looking like a pair of old slappers whose breeding days are well behind them, and undoubtedly not giving a fuck, Kim and Kelley Deal are finally back together onstage. After five years in the Pixies, Kim's side-project The Breeders broke into the mainstream in the post-Nevermind, alternative-rock free-for-all of the early-90s. The fantastic 1993 single Cannonball was enough to push the patchy Last Splash album into the stratosphere and her sister Kelley into heroin addiction. Having occupied themselves since then with unsuccessful and increasingly unfathomable splinter groups, Kim's side-side-project the Amps have now morphed back into the Breeders with Kelley returning to the fold. With a new all-analog, Steve Albini-produced album (Title Tk) to promote, this Ambassador gig is a stop-off en route to headlining the Albini-curated All Tomorrows Parties in the UK. Possibly a rebirth, but the smart money is on a fucking shambles.

VONDA SHEPARD
MON 27 MAY
OLYMPIA €33.70 - €36.70

Starring in as well as providing half the shite soundtrack for an equally shite programme like Ally McBeal is not the best way to earn music credibility for yourself, as Vonda Shepard can testify. If you like Dawson's Creek (she's recorded a lot of crap for that too) you'll love her album, in fact you've probably got it and the entire Ally McBeal series on DVD, you sad fucker. If you feel like wasting 36.70, go along and at least make sure to get balcony seats where you can skull your cans in peace. And bring some eggs in case any of the cast turn up.

Next issue of The Slate out on Wednesday 29 May. Don't miss it.



SHAGGY DOGME STORY

ITALIAN FOR BEGINNERS

DIRECTOR: LONE SCHERFIG
STARRING: ANDERS W. BEOTHELSEN, ANN ELEONORA JORGENSE & ANETTE STOVEKBAEK

The latest offering from the much-vaunted Danish Dogme group will piss off the purists but should succeed in bringing their work to a wider audience. Like its predecessors Festen and The Idiots it sticks to the tenets of natural lighting, hand held cameras, etc., but breaks the mould by basically being an unashamedly romantic comedy. Think Woody Allen without the laughs.

Scherfig introduces six main characters, all lonely, over thirty and desperate for a shag. Because it's a Dogme film the pretensions to realism involve an almost teenage obsession with misery and pain, so everyone has a dark side. Maybe it's a Scandinavian thing. Representing the male race there's an impotent hotel worker who gets pushed around by his younger boss; an arrogant young restaurant worker who can't help hurling abuse at his customers; and the new pastor who has to put up with the death of his wife and the malignant presence of his predecessor. The women folk are an even more depressing bunch, a sad hairdresser with an abusive dying mother and a clumsy baker with an abusive dying father. A welcome breath of Mediterranean sunshine is provided by Giulia, a pretty Italian waitress. God only knows how she ended up in this dreary part of Denmark, and she must have had some scary friends back home to make her want to stay.

Somehow Scherfig contrives to turn this unpromising crowd into comedy material, as they find love through an Italian language class. Along the way she throws in a good few corpses, mental disease, a light sprinkling of euthanasia, and a running gag about attending the wrong funeral. In some ways it's as contrived as any Hollywood film, only with uglier characters and worse weather, but if you can get over the whole wanky Dogme routine it's an interesting if inconsequential film.

Smiles all round

24 HOUR PARTY PEOPLE

DIRECTOR: MICHAEL WINTERBOTTOM
STARRING: STEVE COOGAN

Final confirmation that the glory days of Madchester are well and truly dead. This is a celluloid version of the Factory Records story, with Steve Coogan playing Tony Wilson, Mancunian TV personality, Factory boss and general twat - an Alan Partridge with a degree in Critical Theory. We witness the rise and fall of his musical empire from the austerity of Joy Division in the late 70s to the hedonism of the Happy Mondays in the early 90s. Eventually the euphoria of Madchester gives way to the bad drugs comedown of Gunchester. Still, Wilson never sells out, or so he tells us. It's done in an ironic mockumentary style that director Michael Winterbottom just about pulls off. As well as massaging Wilson's egomania, it's a tribute to the city, its people and some of its musicians. Stone Roses and Smiths fans will justifiably feel aggrieved that the film ignores what were arguably the two best bands of the period, but then that was always Wilson's style.

THE BUSINESS OF STRANGERS

DIRECTOR: PATRICK STETTNER
STARRING: STOCKARD CHANNING & JULIA STILES

This is Patrick Stettner's first full-length film and, fair play to him, he manages to get through it without any fuck-ups. In fact, it's an impressive affair, which creates serious dramatic tension without resorting to any particularly obvious devices. The plot follows two hard-assed women at different stages on the corporate ladder: Julie Styron (Stockard Channing) has worked herself into the ground for the big promotion, while sexy young Paula (Julia Stiles) is her assistant. The two get off to a bad start when Paula fucks up Julie's meeting by turning up late and not appearing to give a shit. Julie is not impressed and informs her she's sacked. When their flights are cancelled they meet again in an airport hotel and a subtle game of cat and mouse begins. Both women are on power trips of different sorts, Julie through her slavish dedication to her career and Paula through her ability to manipulate men and women with her looks and guile. After a few drinks things start to turn sinister, and a plan is hatched to get revenge on a gullible executive whom Paula claims once raped her roommate. What follows is a tense night of whiskey and madness as they see how far they can push each other. The direction is slick and it's extremely well acted. Recommended.

Is this meant to be that nob Shaun Ryder?

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ROADKILL
DIRECTOR: JOHN DAHL
STARRING: STEVE ZAHN, PAUL WALKER & LELLEE SOBIESKI

When the main characters in a movie are called Lewis, Fuller and Venna you can safely expect a bunch of cheesy Yank fuckers, and this attempt at a 'road-movie' doesn't disappoint. Squeaky-clean Californian Lewis wants to fuck Venna, but she's in Colorado. He sets off across the desert, picking up his brother, Fuller, en route. This twat is fond of practical jokes, one of which pisses off a psychopathic trucker. Soon a man has his jaw ripped off and the lads start to shit themselves. With Venna in tow they are pursued by the trucker in a series of lame will-they-won't-they-die chases. The dumb script is matched by the trio's retarded behaviour. Just when you think they've escaped they call him up again on their CB radio as if to say "this film's got another half hour in it yet, please keep chasing us." The body count is cruelly kept to the minimum, but there's plenty of gore to compensate. A nonsensical twist at the end provides the icing on the cake for what is surely the worst piece of shit to hit the screens this month.

K-PAX
DIRECTOR: IAN SOFTLEY
STARRING: KEVIN SPACEY & JEFF BRIDGES

Kevin Spacey is long overdue a good performance. The thundering shit he has produced over the last couple of years has all the hallmarks of a good actor being seduced by the simpering rubbish that's been written about him. K-Pax is another addition to his pantheon of turd. He plays a man who claims to be from the planet K-Pax and, as a result, gets incarcerated in a mental asylum with a bunch of happy-clappy schizophrenics. Spacey teaches them the kind of pocket-book psychological life lessons that middle Americans lap up and, lo and behold, a life-long chronic schizophrenic is cured because Spacey tells him to "look for the bluebird"! The one redeeming feature is Bridges' understated performance which acts Spacey's overblown ego-fuelled spaceman off the screen. Even this won't stop you from retching on the way out of this hopeless movie.

SLACKERS
DIRECTOR: DEWEY NICKS
STARRING: DEVON SAWA, JASON SCHWARTZMAN & JAMES KING

Somewhere between Almost Famous and American Pie, Slackers is your typical US campus caper, complete with a 'guy wanking' scene, a wrinkly tits joke, horny mothers and sexy girls. Schwartzman, (the child genius in Rushmore), plays Cool Ethan, a nerd with an unhealthy obsession with the college babe, Angela (King). Naturally she doesn't have a clue who he is, preferring the charms of smoothy Dave (Devon Sawa). When Ethan realises that Dave and his stoner mates are nicking exam papers, the wily dweeb blackmails them into setting him up with Angela. It's set apart from the usual crap by a half-decent soundtrack and some genuinely funny moments. Hardly up there with Animal House or even Rushmore, it's still enjoyable rubbish, with Schwartzman stealing the show as the mono-browed freak.

THE SCORPION KING
DIRECTOR: CHUCK RUSSEL
STARRING: THE ROCK

From the opening sequence in which a half-blinded brute is whacked in the face by a flying dagger, you know you're in for plenty of chopping and hewing of flesh, accompanied by pearls of wisdom like the motto 'Live Free, Die Well'. The setting is a vague prehistorical cross between the Old Testament and ancient Greece, a world where the men are psychotic axe-wielders and the women have incredible tits. The Rock is the only man capable of preventing the evil Memnon from destroying everything in his path and imposing order on the world (God forbid). Assisting this blackguard is the saucy sorceress, Cassandra, who floats around in a series of negligible costumes. The Rock sensibly realises that she's not the she-troll he expected, and drags her off to the Valley of the Dead for a hot romp. It's pure tongue-in-cheek stuff, and will fulfill the sexual fantasies of most 13-year-old boys.

HART'S FART BINS ITS BRIGHT IDEA

HART'S WAR
DIRECTOR: GREGORY HOBLIT
STARRING: BRUCE WILLIS & COLIN FARRELL

Yet another Hollywood rewrite of history, this time set in a POW camp in World War Two. The film tries to make a serious statement about an embarrassing issue - the treatment of blacks during the wars - but about half way through, the idea is scrapped in favour of good ole fashion American heroism. Castleknock's own Colin Farrell plays Hart, an intelligence officer who's kept away from the front line because daddy's a senator. He still manages to get captured and soon crumbles under torture to reveal the whereabouts of fuel dumps to the SS. He takes his guilty conscience with him to a POW camp where he meets Colonel Macnamara (Bruce Willis) and his nasty Nazi contemporary, Major Visser (Marcel Iurres). Macnamara knows Hart's secret and billets him with some ignorant rednecks. When two black American pilots arrive the rednecks are mightily pissed off and it's only a matter of time before one of them ends up dead and the other is facing execution for getting revenge on his mate's killer. The Americans are revealed to be as racist as the Krauts and there are hints that there could be a point to the film. Cue America's favourite movie scenario, the courthouse. Hart persuades Visser to let them hold a court martial. He's as keen to absolve his conscience as the filmmakers are to placate the Yanks by reaffirming US justice, and everything turns to shit. The interesting prospect of Bruce Willis playing a bad guy is abandoned, as everyone turns out to be a hero. The black guy dies anyway, but he does it for honour, truth and justice. Even Visser turns out to have a good side, the cunt, but then he went to Harvard before the war so he's all right. A good idea castrated by the fear of pissing off American audiences.

I solemnly swear to make a very boring film

BRAZILIAN BLOOD FEUD

Some depressed-looking Brazilian child fright.

BEHIND THE SUN

DIRECTOR: WALTER SALLES
STARRING: RODRIGO SANTORO, RAVI RAMOS LACERDA, JOSE DUMONT, LUIZ CARLOS VASCONCELOS & FLAVIA MARCO ANTONIO

If you don't feel like wasting your precious cash on Hollywood slurry, try this Brazilian effort from Walter Salles, the creator of Central Station. He seems to have plundered the vaults of Greek tragedy for this drama about bloodthirsty family feuds in the remote badlands of northeast Brazil. It's a very direct, almost simple film, with the strength of the plot taking centre stage. The Breves family is your average bunch of poor fuckers eking out an existence by grinding down sugar-cane on their desolate farm in the middle of nowhere. Their prospects aren't exactly great; the one occasion when the father (José Dumont) cracks a smile his family nearly die of fright.

To make matters worse, the neighbours have sparked of a blood-feud by stealing some of their land a few generations back. This means that every time anyone's old enough to pull a trigger, they go and plug one of their neighbours. Peace lasts as long as it takes for the blood stains of the deceased's shirt to turn yellow in the sun. Now it's the turn of Tonio (Rodrigo Santo), who has the kind of looks that suggest his brains aren't going to end up all over his shirt.

It takes the arrival of a couple of vagrant circus entertainers (played by real-life clowns Luiz Carlos Vasconcelos and Flavia Marco Antonio) to rescue Tonio from the cycle of violence. Predictably he falls for the girl Clara, who's a bit of a looker, and gradually realises its time to leg it before he too gets shot. Salles' excellent capturing of the heat, dust and isolation of the place gives the story a timeless quality. One of the most original films to come along in a while, this looks set to be a fixture at the Screen for some time.

ABOUT A BOY

DIRECTOR: MARK MYLOD
STARRING: HUGH GRANT & TONI COLLETTE

Yet another slick British film with Hugh fucking Grant, this is only slightly better than its predecessors. Here he plays Will, a wealthy idler who lies around all day watching television and polishing his trendy kitchen appliances. An incredibly shallow bastard, he's always on the lookout for no strings attached sex with women who aren't complete dogs. He comes up with the brilliant plan of inventing a son and attending a single-parents support group. This is full of pathetic single-mothers with no self-esteem, and he figures he's in fuck-heaven. Unfortunately this only succeeds in drawing him into the dysfunctional lives of a depressive, suicidal hippy (Toni Collette) and her weirdo son. What follows is a sort of bizarre morality tale with some fairly sharp dialogue that keeps things ticking over in an inoffensive kind of way. Aptly enough, the soundtrack is provided by Badly Drawn Boy - exactly the kind of music that an insubstantial chap like Will would listen to. Decent acting and a sharp enough script mean that these shortcomings aren't fatal, and the only other major complaint would be the film's predictable ending. It's inevitable that Will, a man who was so proud of being a complete fucking bastard, will see the error of his ways and lament the absence of any substance to his character. He finds out that hey, he's really not so bad after all. This trite ending mars an otherwise decent film.

KATE AND LEOPOLD

DIRECTOR: JAMES MANGOLD
STARRING: MEG RYAN & HUGH JACKMAN

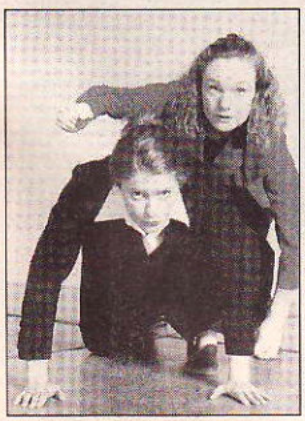
Meg Ryan has made a career out of playing pathetic, simpering single women, and this marks a new, deeper level of shitness for her. Meg, sporting a spanking new face-lift and a hideous barnet that makes her look like an anorexic shit'-su, is Kate McKay, a typical New York career woman, dying for a charming English gent to sweep her off her feet before she's over the hill. This problem is solved by the arrival of Duke Leopold, (Hugh Jackman), who conveniently drops in from 1876 through a crack in the fabric of time which exists somewhere across the East River. It might seem a little unfair to mock the ludicrous plot, seeing as it's the least of the many heinous sins on display, but it is, nonetheless, completely laughable. Leopold gets into a series of predictable scrapes with modern-day New Yorkers who at first assume he's queer but, like all simple Americans, are soon charmed by his quaint manners. In one scene he mutters "I beg your pardon" four times while crossing the road, and presumably we are meant to dissolve into fits of laughter. The small problem of disrupting the flow of time is resolved when our heroine is thankfully packed off to 1876 to marry the toff. She does this by jumping off Brooklyn Bridge, but sadly the potential for a truly hilarious ending in which her frail body is torn to pieces in the East River is passed over. Truly fucking dreadful bollocks of the worst kind imaginable.

REVIEWS

DENIS AND ROSIE

BY GERRY STEMBRIGE
ANDREW'S LANE THEATRE
€16

What has 300 legs and smells of piss? The audience at Gerry Stembridge's new play. This one is strictly for the incontinent and unfirm of mind. It's a bedroom farce based on a Maeve Binchy short-story about the peccadilloes and deceits of a thirtysomething couple from Cork. That sentence alone should be enough to prevent you from darkening the doorway of the Andrew's Lane Theatre. Denis is an overweight office sloth with an ensuite fixation and Rosie is a bored housewife contemplating an affair. They tell their stories straight to the audience without interacting with each other - a la Alan Bennett's 'Talking Heads'. The whole thing is crafted well enough, and the set design is clever but the storyline is predictable and leaden. Maybe there is a certain age you reach when predictable and leaden are what you're after and true enough most of the audience were a little confused and flashed their O.A.P. bus passes on the way into the theatre. Much is generally expected of ex-Scrap Saturday man Stembridge as a humorous commentator on contemporary Ireland, but he seems to have bottled out with this streak of piss.



Even strap-ons can't save The Way of All Fish

FISSION VISION

COPENHAGEN

BY MICHAEL FRAYN
DIRECTED BY LYNNE PARKER
PROJECT SPACE UPSTAIRS €16/10

Top drawer new play at the Project, but you may need to pack your thinking cap, as this play deals with just about the biggest ideas there are. Succeeding brilliantly, it is centred on a 1941 meeting in Copenhagen between former mentor and pupil, Nils Bohr and Werner Heisenberg. They are on opposing sides in the war and both working on nuclear fission, the precursor to the development of the atomic bomb. No one knows why they met or what passed between them, but Frayn lays several possibilities before us, each as compelling as the next. Their conversation moves from physics to the nature of friendship, objectivity and philosophy, with bereavement interweaving them all.

It's hard work at times with the themes becoming very involved and the physics flying over the audience's head a little, but the performances are fantastic and the set manages to evoke minimalist Scandinavian design and a nuclear holocaust at the same time.

Complex, dark and thought-provoking, this play is a chink of light in the vast gloom that enshrouds Dublin theatreland, where rehashed old standards and awful new writing are the norm. If you don't go to theatre often this is one to see, as it's probably the best thing that's been on so far this year.

Check out this Great Danish play

THE WAY OF ALL FISH

BY ELAINE MAY
DIRECTED BY ELAINE MAY
BEWLEY'S LUNCHTIME THEATRE
€10, SOUP AND SANDWICH INCLUDED

Elaine May's rather jaded claims to fame include having hung around with Mike Nichols in the 50s and a scriptwriting credit on The Birdcage (remember how bad that was?). Sadly, she hasn't improved her CV with this avoidable comedy about a power hungry corporate businesswoman and her innocuous secretary who find themselves together in the office one Friday night. After discovering that all her appointments have been cancelled, Miss Asquith invites her secretary to some takeaway food and a good bottle of wine. Over the course of the evening the power relationship between the two women is explored to supposedly hilarious consequences. The problem is that the dialogue is full of the kind of bullshit platitudes you'd get from an episode of Friends. Billed as a 'sparkling American comedy' there's precious little that sparkles and far too much that's irritatingly American. Fine if you're the kind of loser who likes nothing better than a night in with Ally McBeal, but a big disappointment after Bewley's recent fine run.

PREVIEWS

For the merry month of May the Gaiety continue their policy of picking up on the success of other theatres by staging **Twelve Angry Men** by Reginald Rose (€18/29), a play that was a big hit over the Christmas period in Andrew's Lane Theatre. It's the story of a jury in New York city, who are all convinced of the guilt of the defendant but for one who gradually brings the others around to his point of view. It's a brilliant production based on a very strong script. The Crypt are sticking to tried and tested classics with **Hamlet** (7-18 May) and Beckett's **First Love** (20 May-1 June). The Gate has Frank McGuiness' play **Gates of Gold**, which tells the story of a director and actor involved in the founding of the theatre. It stars Richard Johnson, Alan Howard and Rosaleen Linehan. The Peacock stick to their 'isn't-Dublin-hilarious' routine with Aidan Mathews' comedy about the influence of religion in a 90s Dublin family, **Communion**, (€12.50-17), while the Abbey have **That Was Then** starting on the 21st. The Focus Theatre continues with its fine production of Edward Albee's excellent **A Delicate Balance** until the 27th when a Sempre Fi production of David Mamet's **The Old Neighbourhood** replaces it. Let's hope it's up to their usually high standards.